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THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

THE LITERARY WORLD: ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE SWARM of sight-seers, professional and amateur, who were attracted to Russia by the great spectacle of the coronation, is flitting back as fast as it can to the congenial shores of old England. When there is nothing special to be seen, Russia is not a very pleasant land to live in, according to English ideas, and an English winter (clothed though it be in fogs of sombre hue) is, after all, a much better companion than its Muscovite confère. As the special correspondents have done their duty with their accustomed fidelity, the returning visitors find little left to tell us. Sir ROBERT PEEL indeed, favoured a Stafford audience with his views upon Russia and the Russians, in a manner which has been spoken of as the reverse of judicious. But the handsome, rollicking, and clever baronet—it is the favourite mistake of Mr. FREDERICK PEEL's admirers to set the elder brother down for a hair-brained *vaurien*—is fond of acting the part of a political Tom Jones, and must be allowed to indulge occasionally in a few effervescent eccentricities. The *Times* calls Sir ROBERT to task for his escapade with a severity which suggests that the leading journal is jealous of his encroachment upon the domain of Mr. WILLIAM RUSSELL. The last-named gentleman is reported to be still in Russia, and it is said that his employers are desirous that he should remain there during the winter, thinking possibly that a series of smart letters upon the internal condition of Russia might not be unacceptable to their readers at the present juncture of affairs. Be this as it may, Mr. RUSSELL's friends assert that he will return to England as soon as possible; and it is more than likely that what he has already seen of the Holy Empire is sufficient to convince him that the life of a resident special correspondent would not be a very agreeable one. Various accounts have reached us of the difficulties and inconvenience attendant upon a departure from Russia. Among other *formule*, it is necessary to advertise your intention at least three times in some Russian journal, as a security, we suppose, for your solvency before leaving the country; and we have been told that a gentleman well known among publishers, has been occupying fifteen days in the vain endeavour to start upon his journey homewards. This is certainly not the way to induce people to repeat their visit. Those who are curious about Mr. SALA and his experiences will peruse with great interest the series of amusing papers now appearing in *Household Words*, entitled "A Journey Due North." What befel this gentleman may be best gathered from his own words. "Lo! I have spent a summer in Russia; and I have nothing to tell you of the Altai Mountains, the Kirghese tribes, Chinese Tartary, the Steppes, Kamshatka, or even the Czar's coronation (I fled the country a fortnight before it took place). I have learnt but two Russian cities (it is true I know my lesson by heart), St. Petersburg and Moscow; and my first-fruit of St. Petersburg is that withered apple the Nevskoi-Perspective. You know all about it already, of course. I can't help it." Why he "fled the country" is not yet explained; but he is very emphatic on the subject of the police and custom-house officers; and of the latter officials he complains that they were merciless in their treatment of his fine linen and elaborate wardrobe.

Mr. ROONEY, the Dublin bookseller who offered the quarto "Hamlet" for sale to the British Museum, has published a letter of explanation in *Saunders's News-Letter and Daily Advertiser*, defending his conduct from the aspersions cast upon it by Mr. JONES. If Mr. ROONEY's statement be correct—and there is not only nothing to impugn its accuracy, but it is perfectly consistent throughout—the conduct of Mr. JONES upon the occasion was certainly not so satisfactory as it has been pronounced to be. Mr. ROONEY says:

Mr. Jones concludes his letter by stating that "he would be unfit for his situation were he to give one hundred pounds for a book without first satisfying himself it was genuine." Doubtless he would; but in trying to dispose of my complaint he does not see how illogical is his conclusion "for my not leaving it a week to look over." He has acknowledged that I was willing to remain out of the payment till spring. If, during that period, it

turned out to be not the "Hamlet," 1603, which I stated it was, he had his remedy by returning it. What I complained of was, that when I met his objection concerning the payment he then rejoined, "We do not buy imperfect books—it is cut down." I answered, "It is, nevertheless, the most perfect copy known, as the Devonshire copy wants the last leaf." He then replied (which discouraged me from importuning him), "You had better sell the last leaf to the Duke of Devonshire." After my dissent, more in manner than by words, he said, "Well, leave it for a week." I answered, "I would not like to do that, as this copy has the last leaf;" and before the sentence was concluded Mr. Jones made the remark, "Do you think I would take out the last leaf?" "No," said I; "but as this has the last leaf only to be particularly looked at, it would take but a very short time to do so, as my stopping for a week in London would be a great inconvenience; and here," said I (presenting it at the same time), "is a reprint of the Duke of Devonshire's copy—it will prove to you that it is the first edition, and perfect." He then laid it down on the library table and walked away, saying some words I was unable to hear.

In the concluding portion of his letter Mr. ROONEY asserts that Mr. JONES and the other library officials appeared to be perfectly ignorant of the value of the rarity which he offered them. One gentleman declared off-hand that they had "three or four first-quarto 'Hamlets,'" and it was only when he was desired to produce them that he was convinced of his mistake. Contrasting the conduct of the public official with that of Mr. BOONE, the bookseller who purchased the "Hamlet" from Mr. ROONEY, the latter observes:

Mr. Boone decided on giving me seventy pounds, after fifteen minutes; whilst Mr. Jones, a public servant, who had until spring for its payment, could not afford one hour, "from his great pressure of business," to attend to the collating of a first edition of "Hamlet" (64 pp.), although it was but the second copy that has turned up in two hundred and fifty years.

Mr. ROONEY's explanation is addressed to the Editor of the *Athenæum*, by whom (so he says) it has been refused admission, although the attack upon him appeared originally in the columns of that journal. Surely that is not English fair play! As the new reading supplied by this unique copy has naturally excited great curiosity, and as inaccurate versions of it have appeared in print, Mr. HALLIWELL has published, in a letter to the *Athenæum*, the exact words of the text. They are as follows:

*Enter Voltmar and the Ambassadors from England.
Enter Fortenbrasse with his train.*
Fort. Where is this bloody sight?
Hor. If aught of woe, or wonder, you'd behold,
Then look upon this tragick Spectacle.
Fort. O Imperious death! how many Princes,
Hast thou at one draft bloodily shot to death?
Ambass. Our ambassie that we have brought from England,
Where be these Princes that should heare vs speake?
O most vnlooked for time! vnhappy country!
Hor. Content yourselves. He shew to all the ground,
The first beginning of this Tragedy.
Let there a scaffold be rearde vp in the market place,
And let the state of the World be there,
Where you shall heare such a sad story tolde,
That neuer mortall man could more vnfolde.
Fort. I have some rights of memory to this Kingdome,
Which now to claime my leisure doth inuite mee:
Let foure of our chiefeest Capitaines
Beare Hamlet like a souldier to his graue;
For he was likely, had he liued,
To a proud most royall:
Take vp the bodie; such a sight as this
Becomes the fieldes, but here doth much amisse.
Finis.

Mr. HALLIWELL records it as his opinion that this edition of 1603 was not the first edition, as it has been generally supposed to be; but that an edition was published by JAMES ROBERTS in 1602, of which however no copy has yet been discovered, and which, in the event of the discovery of such a treasure, "would be cheaply purchased by its weight in gold."

Whilst upon the subject of SHAKSPERE, it may be as well to mention that the arrangements for carrying out Mr. JOHN SHAKSPERE's magnificent designs with reference to the birthplace of the poet are now in a perfect state. This gentleman who (rightly or wrongly) considers himself a descendant of "the Swan of Avon," has himself achieved some celebrity as one of the first orientalists of the day, and as the author of some of the most valuable works which we possess upon the Hindoostanee and other Eastern languages. Stimulated by a laudable desire to do honour to his great ancestor, and to preserve the most valuable vestige which we possess of him—namely the home of his birth—Mr. JOHN SHAKSPERE has invested 2500*l.* in the hands of trustees to be applied in the preservation of that honoured relic. From what we can gather, the

trustees have not been idle; the property adjoining the house has been purchased; and when the buildings have been removed, SHAKSPERE's birthplace will stand alone and uncontaminated by contact with any less venerated brickwork. The remainder of the money is to be applied in thoroughly repairing and restoring every part of the house.

Lancashire has been well called "the workshop of England," for whatever they undertake in that county they are sure to carry out in the most perfect and workmanlike manner. The projected Exhibition of Fine Arts in Manchester is now in so flourishing a condition that the very persons who spoke disparagingly of the scheme, and hesitated to give it an approving nod, are now the loudest in its praise. As success is certain and assured, it is no wonder that the PRINCE CONSORT will give it his countenance and assistance. But from all parts of England assistance of the most solid and beneficial description is being rendered. Scarcely a nobleman or gentleman in the country who owns pictures and works of art of any value has refused to the committee the privilege of selection. Judging from the lists already published, the collection of pictures will far surpass anything that has ever before been seen in this country; indeed, we question very much whether the collection at the Louvre, even at the time when it was enriched by all the plunder of NAPOLEON's armies, could at all compare with what will next year be brought together in smoky Manchester.

As we have said before, the inhabitants of Manchester have every right to take the initiative in a movement of this description, for among them may be found some of the most liberal patrons of art that are to be found in the country.

At Preston, in the northern division of the same county, an influential movement has been made for the purpose of establishing a free library and museum. A meeting has been held within the town, under the auspices of the Mayor, assisted by some of the leading gentlemen of the county, for the purpose of drawing up some definite scheme for the disposal of the money which has been already collected, and which amounts in the aggregate to something over 1700*l.* When we recollect that a large proportion of this sum has been raised among the operative classes, we cannot help thinking that the schoolmaster is not quite so much wanted in North Lancashire as a late article in the *Leader* would seem to imply.

While giving our consideration to that vitally interesting and important subject, the education of the people, we should not forget that those of adult growth, who are already versed in the accomplishments of reading and writing, need a sort of training which is far beyond the sphere of even that omnipotent personage the schoolmaster—the education which is to be derived from sound and healthy reading. Too long has reading been considered to be the luxury of the rich, rather than the necessity of the poor. Years back—and this will be in the recollection of living men—it was a favourite tenet with the extreme Tory party, that education was the cause of much deterioration among the people. A staunch old Gloucestershire lady made answer to a suggestion about a certain room being convenient for a library: "Books! I hates books. I has my Bible, and that's enough for me; and my brother John has the Gloucester paper, and that's enough for he. Eddication, Mr. Eddard, is the ruin of the country." Many good people have agreed with this worthy soul, and perhaps a few specimens of that fossil species may still be found; but, generally speaking, a change of opinion has come about; with high and low, gentle and simple, a better idea seems to prevail, that, if knowledge will not eradicate crime, it will at least act with other causes so as to dispose men's minds for higher and better things. That the Tree of Knowledge brought Sin into the world is one of the fundamental truths of our religion; but the weeds of ignorance are none the more celestial for that, and they must be eradicated with all the zeal of which we are capable. We should also remember that when knowledge is not cultivated, ignorance will grow: the human mind is never quiescent; it is a soil which never lies entirely fallow, and if one sort of crop be not cultivated another will grow of itself. A writer in the *Times* has lately furnished some curious and valuable statistics upon the trade of book-hawking in this country. According to these, it was lately discovered that the total number of immoral and worthless publications sold by hawkers throughout the country far exceeded the supply

of healthier matter distributed by all the religious societies. If to this total be added the weekly issues of a certain class of cheap publications,—to which it is unnecessary more particularly to refer, further than that they succeed by administering to the worst passions and most morbid tastes of their readers—the amount must be enormous. To counteract the injurious effects of this, some experiments have been promoted by the ARCH-DEACON of WESTMINSTER and other gentlemen of influence, to test the efficacy of a regular scheme for hawking healthy literature over the country, and we are happy to hear that these experiments have been entirely successful. If the working classes will not seek out good books for themselves, at least they will purchase them when they are brought to them for sale; and it appears, therefore, that the patronage which has been bestowed upon the class of literature to which we have before referred is attributable not so much to a low standard of natural taste, as to the absence of anything better to choose from. One hawking bookseller, whose beat lay in the direction of the New Forest, sold books to the worth of 183*l.* in twelve months; another, who travelled in Hampshire (reputed to be the Boetia of Great Britain), took 217*l.* in eleven months. The success of these experiments has emboldened their promoters to repeat them upon a larger scale; and we understand that not only will every district throughout England be traversed by these peripatetic booksellers, but an energetic appeal will be made to Parliament to remit the 4*l.* tax upon the hawk's licence, as being an impost which, while it brings in a mere trifle to the revenue of the country, is likely to prove a serious hindrance to this humble branch of commerce. From the reports of the hawkers, it appears that the books most demanded by their customers are such as "The Pilgrim's Progress," BOGATZKY's "Golden Treasury," the poetical works of MILTON, JOHNSON'S Dictionary, and PAXTON'S "Gardener's Calendar." This selection proves at least the development of healthy tastes.

Mr. EMERSON, who professes great admiration at the accuracy which distinguishes the facts recorded in the *Times*, must have been rather shaken in his opinion lately, if he has perused that journal very closely. The curious blunder about Professor AYTON will be yet in the recollection of our readers; and it would not be difficult to make a very lengthy and curious collection of similar little aberrations. A blunder of a more serious description (because manifesting ignorance of a very inexcusable kind) was lately committed by the author of one of those

amusing articles upon London improvements with which "the leading journal" is wont occasionally to enliven its columns. Contrasting the splendid timber of our public parks and gardens with the miserable saplings which adorn the Bois de Boulogne, the writer took it upon himself to scold the French Government for want of judgment and foresight in having cut down the grown trees; whereas the fact is that the present denuded condition of the Bois de Boulogne is entirely owing to its occupation by the Cossacks in 1815. More lately still, the leading journal has been giving good cause for doubting the accuracy of its information. About a fortnight ago there appeared in one of its most conspicuous columns a story professing to come from "an eye-witness," and headed "Railways and Revolvers in Georgia." A more raw-head-and-bloody-bones piece of business it would be impossible to conceive. The narrator professed to have performed a railway journey from Macon, Georgia, to Augusta, in the same State. During the journey no less than four fatal duels and one deliberate murder took place; and the moral intended to be drawn evidently was that the Southern States of America are in such a lawless state that these outrages were suffered to pass by perfectly unpunished. Now, if the managers of the *Times* had taken the trouble to refer to Appleton's *Guide* (the *Bradshaw* of the States) they would have discovered that there is no railway running directly between Macon and Augusta. There is a line between Macon and Atlanta, and another between the latter place and Augusta, and to go from Macon to Augusta a very acute angle must be described. Yet the "Eye-witness" makes no mention of any change of train until his arrival at Augusta, and the crimes which he professes to record were taking place continuously all through the journey. He states that he left Macon at 5 p.m.; but the only trains which ran between Macon and Atlanta during the month of August last left the latter place at 2 a.m. and 3 p.m. The "Eye-witness" states it as his belief that the criminals were not "brought to justice"; but he does not state that he, after having been witness to the cruel and deliberate murder of a little boy of six years old, took any means to bring the murderers to account. Augusta, where the journey ended, is a large and flourishing town, furnished with police, a gaol, and a magistracy; and Atlanta, where the passengers must have changed carriages, is a large place, where four principal railway termini meet. Since we penned the above remarks the matter has excited some discussion, and a Liverpool gentleman signing

himself ARROWSMITH has come forward to acknowledge himself as the author of the statement, and to persevere in asserting its authenticity. Now we know very well that, if this be a practical joke, it is not the first of the kind that has come from the flags of the Liverpool Exchange; and we put it to Mr. ARROWSMITH, whether his story has not put him into the awkward dilemma of being held to be either a teller of the thing "which is not," or a man who can behold a woman outraged and a child murdered without lifting his hand or his voice either to prevent or avenge, or bring the criminals to justice.

The list of novelties for the coming fortnight is long and its contents various. Mr. MURRAY seems to step out of his accustomed path in announcing a law book—nothing less than another edition of the immortal BLACKSTONE. Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL announce for November a new poem by Mrs. ELIZABETH BROWNING, entitled "Aurora Leigh;" and also a fourth edition of that lady's collected works; a collected edition of the dramatic and other poems of Mr. PROCTER, *alias* BARRY CORNWALL; "The Girlhood of Catherine de Medici," by T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE; a novelette (or little novel) by the Author of "The Falcon Family," to be entitled "Clover Cottage; or, I can't get in;" an essay on "The English of Shakspeare," by Professor CRAIK; some Russian tales, translated from the German of ASTON DIETRICH; a volume of poems by Mr. W. C. BENNETT; and a novel, entitled "The Mildmays," by that detestation of our faithful ally, "an anonymous author." Messrs. ORR and Co., having nearly completed their excellent "Circle of the Sciences," have projected a "Circle of the Industrial Arts," the first number of which appears this day. Some such publication has been long wanted; for our literature of the industrial arts is exceedingly defective, and, although a vast amount of valuable information upon such subjects is scattered through the technical journals and current publications, no attempt has been made, as yet, to compile a series of reliable treatises upon our industrial arts and manufactures. Messrs. HURST and BLACKETT have "in the press" Mr. HOOD's "Pen and Pencil Pictures," and Mrs. GORE's new novel, "A Life's Lessons." People are beginning to inquire after Mr. WHITTY's promised novel; but at present the date of its issue does not seem to be fixed. Mr. PUNCH announces his perennial "Pocket-book" for issue this day. From Mr. BENTLEY's list we observe that Mr. READE's admirable novel "It is Never Too Late to Mend," has attained the honours of a second edition.

L.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A. Vols. I. and II. London: Parker and Son.

(Concluded from page 465.)

THE history of the English Reformation, which Mr. Froude has undertaken to relate, dates not from the sixteenth but from the fourteenth century. The cloud which burst so suddenly and violently had been gathering long, and the final explosion was nothing more than the natural and necessary sequence of fixed and pre-established causes. Henry's divorce from Catherine and marriage with Anne Boleyn were, it is true, proximate, but certainly not primary springs of the event; and while we give them, as they must be given, all prominent place in the incidents around which the drama of the Reformation groups itself, we must take care that they do not absorb more than their due attention. If history were silent, it would be abstractedly incredible and impossible that the turbulent and independent English nation would have suffered their dearest and holiest convictions to have been sacrificed to the capricious passion of a reckless despot. It would be incredible that the second representative of a new dynasty, which had none of the prestige of hereditary dignity, and which had not been fifty years on the throne, could have ventured to ask a still discontented and restless people, from whose memories the wars of the Roses had not yet died out, to break off from

their spiritual father, to defy the thunders of his excommunication, and to expose themselves to all the horrible contingencies of future damnation, in order that their sovereign might gratify a merely sensual fantasy. Far deeper and wholly universal influences had long been working under a surface on which many subsequent ages saw little but a vulgar story of a servile people, registering in obsequious silence the imperious caprices of an all-powerful and unscrupulous tyrant.

No theory can possibly be more unfounded. Henry VIII. was a despot indeed, but only so far as he was the one clear exponent of an irresistible public opinion. In everything which concerned religious creeds he was emphatically no more. If ever there has been an age and a people to whom the words of religion have been indeed the breath of life, and whose daily and hourly conduct has been under the influence of the sublime conviction that it profits a man little to gain the whole world if he lose his own soul by the acquisition—that age and that people were those of Henry VIII. Men were sick of revolutions; but they had shown, by their actions during many previous centuries, that they had as yet little faith in the right divine of kings to govern wrong; and had not Henry VIII. been pre-eminently, as he was undoubtedly, the type and foremost man, as well as the king, of the Englishmen of that day, much less than the shameless and impious scheme of sacrificing a national creed to the possession of a new mistress would have sufficed to overthrow the still un-

steady throne of the Tudors. But never have English sovereigns been loved by their subjects as Henry VIII. and his daughter Elizabeth were loved by theirs: never have there been sovereigns so thoroughly English, or who understood and sympathised so deeply with the deepest and best sympathies of their people. It is seldom that the history of English sovereigns is the history of their subjects. It is strange to us, who for a hundred and fifty years have been accustomed to sovereigns who have been bred in foreign courts, or whose alliances have tinged all their characters and tastes with those of foreign courts, to know that there was a time when an English sovereign was also an Englishman, and differing from them in his feelings and actions only so far as his exalted station enabled him to do that which others could only wish to do.

Yet such was Henry VIII.: such was Elizabeth. They seemed to lead the nation when the nation in truth was leading them. The throne of the latter was more secure than that of the former; her will was not less strong; yet, when the people murmured against the monopolies, she knew their meaning, and abandoned the unpopular measure. Even so her father, when enamoured of her mother, knew well that his people would gladly seize any pretext for abolishing the absolute imposture into which Christianity had degenerated.

Accordingly, Mr. Froude begins his second volume by tracking back to their source the first streamlets of the Reformation. He says:

When I look through the writings of Latimer, the

apostle of the English Reformation, when I read the depositions against the martyrs, and the lists of their crimes against the established faith, I find no opposite schemes of doctrine, no "plans of salvation," no positive system of theology which it was held a duty to believe; these things were of later growth, when it became again necessary to clothe the living spirit in a perishable body. I find only an effort to express again the old exhortation of the Wise Man: "Will you hear the beginning and the end of the whole matter? Fear God and keep his commandments; for that is the whole duty of man." Had it been possible for mankind to sustain themselves upon this single principle without disguising its simplicity, their history would have been painted in far other colours than those which have so long chequered its surface. This, however, has not been given to us; and perhaps it never will be given. As the soul is clothed in flesh, and only thus is able to perform its functions in this earth, where it is sent to live; as the thought must find a word before it can pass from mind to mind; so every great truth seeks some body, some outward form in which to exhibit its powers. It appears in the world, and men lay hold of it, and represent it to themselves, in histories, in forms of words, in sacramental symbols; and these things, which in their proper nature are but illustrations, stiffen into essential fact, and become part of the reality. So arises in era after era, an outward and mortal expression of the inward immortal life; and at once the old struggle begins to repeat itself between the flesh and the spirit, the form and the reality. For a while the lower tendencies are held in check. The meaning of the symbolism is remembered and fresh. It is a living language, pregnant and suggestive. By-and-by, as the mind passes into other phases, the meaning is forgotten. The language becomes a dead language, and the living robe of life becomes a winding-sheet of corruption. The form is represented as everything, the spirit as nothing. Obedience is dispensed with. Sin and religion arrange a compromise; and outward observances, or technical inward emotions, are converted into jugglers' tricks, by which men are enabled to enjoy their pleasures and escape the penalties of wrong. Then such religion becomes no religion, but a falsehood; and honourable men turn away from it, and fall back in haste upon the naked elemental life.

The fourteenth century had already verified these truths. The Papal supremacy had been fiercely questioned, and only partially endured by the Plantagenets since the days of John; and the corruptions of the monasteries had roused Wicliffe and the Lollards in the reign of the fourth Henry. But the light which had couched the blind of the sixteenth century had made little impression on the less experienced and less sceptical believers of the early part of the fifteenth century. People were still passively believing that it was a sin to read the Bible, still steadfastly and trustfully incredulous of the monastic iniquities which everywhere insulted their eyes. They crowded with horrible exultation to the execution of Oldcastle, and made the name "miscreant" the synonym of the vilest depravity. The Act *De Heretico Comburendo* was one of the most popular of the age.

One hundred and forty more years found a very different state of things. People were more religious than they had ever been; thoroughly in earnest about the business of serving God with all their hearts and souls. The superficial enlightenment of the age, while it had elevated them from the abject prostration of ignorance and superstition, had fortunately not hurried them as yet into the opposite extreme of enlightened infidelity. They believed and felt in their hearts that God and Christ were true, and that the men who professed to represent them were liars. So the work began and went on; and first, as was to be expected, the young men at the Universities began to throng to forbidden lectures, in which lecturers, equally fervent, were presuming to seek God for themselves in the pages of His Holy Scriptures. Thomas Garret, Fellow of Magdalen, Oxford, brings over treatises of German theology, to which Anthony Dalaber, an undergraduate, and others his friends, hasten as to the bread and water of life. Forthwith the learned doctors, heads of houses, hear of the alarming rumour. Garret is forced to fly for his life; is soon taken, but saved from the flames only by the clemency of Wolsey, ever readier to forgive than to punish. Poor Dalaber endures grievous college discipline; and Bibles and the treatises are burned at the Carfax. Oxford, never slack then, as now, to discourage all innovation, does her usual duty well as an obstructive; and the Heads, puffing and red, return to their port wine and siestas, and trust to hear no more of such new-fangled impiety. But again their slumbers are disturbed. The hot and foolish young men cannot be brought to

understand that Christianity is a decent and respectable institution, consisting in repeating daily a certain number of paternosters, and assisting at surpliced choirs. But the proctors are out, and their bulldogs are ransacking Dalaber's closet for Bibles; and Master Dalaber narrowly escapes being proctorised and purified after the fashion of those days in the flames—*pour encourager les autres*.

But even then, while Catherine still clung to Henry's shrinking side, two men were alive and at their work who were destined to cause sad and lasting discomfiture to Oxford, until a new standard of orthodoxy was erected for similar successors. Hugh Latimer, the son of a yeoman who rented a farm of four pounds by the year, was preaching at Paul's, orthodoxly enough as yet, but with a bold and impetuous rhetoric, that the Church ought to do her duty and was not doing it. Even Cambridge held him to be a seditious and stiff-necked fellow; and the Bishop of Ely took offence at his doctrine, and complained to Wolsey. But Wolsey had his own convictions that the Church wanted reformation, although not quite that of Luther; and Latimer was told to preach his doctrine to the Bishop's beard. This was in 1525. But the pear was not yet ripe, and Latimer, had he not won the King's intervention and favour, would have obtained the honour of martyrdom from a synod of bishops. For Latimer's own opinions could not in their nature be stationary; and the extreme of clerical corruption soon hurried him to the extreme of clerical reformation. Such was the first hero of the Reformation.

The second was Thomas Cromwell, also an honest and earnest man, and one who loved God and hated shams and the devil. His early career had been that of a penniless wanderer; but Wolsey came to love him; and Cromwell, on his patron's fall, showed by deeds how well that love was deserved. Henry placed him where Wolsey had been, and left to his management the catastrophe which all had foreseen as the impending result of the divorce.

For that catastrophe the nation was now well prepared and anxious. Henry knew it, and, with Latimer and Cromwell to back him, feared not to meet, and, if necessary, to defy continental Christendom.

And now it was known at the Vatican that, acting on Cranmer's jurisdiction, the King no longer recognised Catherine as his queen and wife. No defiance could be more complete; but as yet Clement hesitated to excommunicate. Francis entreated, and his entreaties were strong against the Emperor's threats. But a full council of cardinals pronounced the divorce illegal, and a day was fixed for Henry to appear before their tribunal, and, in default of obedience, excommunication. But Papal excommunication had no longer terrors for Henry or his nation. The English embassy was withdrawn from Rome, and the interval between the time when the excommunication was to take effect was spent by Henry in attempting, as yet in vain, to form a confederacy with the Lutherans of Germany. An act of succession was passed by which Mary was excluded from the throne, and Elizabeth, just born, was nominated to it as heiress. The few unaffected, who endeavoured under the fanatic Nun of Kent to raise a White Rose conspiracy, or restore the succession to Mary, were sentenced and executed under a bill of attainder; and when at length the Papal Bull was in operation England, through its length and breadth, remained contemptuously indifferent and unmoved.

It was not so in Ireland. There the Englishry were hated and the Pope still worshipped. The Geraldines, long the rebellious viceroys of the island, raised under Lord Thomas Fitzgerald the standard of a Holy War. The Archbishop of Dublin was murdered, Dublin besieged and saved with difficulty by the Earl of Ormond. But the rebels, after committing frightful outrages, were at length routed and dispersed. Lord Thomas Fitzgerald surrendered at discretion, and was soon afterwards hanged at Tyburn.

And now, as there had been in previous times a martyrdom of Protestant reformers, began a corresponding martyrdom of Papist conservatives. The Act of Supremacy became the crucial test of all who held by the Pope. That Act affixed the capital penalties of treason to all who refused to swear their acknowledgment of the King's ecclesiastical supremacy. A mere oath of allegiance without such an acknowledgment was no longer sufficient. John Haughton, Prior of the Char-

terhouse, and the majority of his brethren, became the protomartyrs of monastic recusancy. They were pure and high-minded men, who, having resolved in their consciences that it was sinful before God to acknowledge any earthly supremacy but that of his supposed vicegerent, the Pope, prepared to die steadfastly and calmly for their faith. The penalties of the statute were pronounced on them, and ultimately carried into effect, after every expedient of reasoning and persuasion had failed to overcome their scrupulosity. They died like good and brave men; and, as such, deserve to this hour our profound respect. Two more illustrious victims died similarly for similar scruples—Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Sir Thomas More, late Lord High Chancellor of England. At the hour of Fisher's condemnation, the new Pope Paul named him a cardinal; and Henry replied to the nomination by signing the warrant for Fisher's execution. The cruel and blood-thirsty persecution of the Protestant reformers by Sir Thomas More, which his enlightenment renders the more inexcusable, leaves us little sympathy for his fate, notwithstanding the touching incidents of his trial and the serene fortitude of his death. He sealed his faith with his blood, as he had made the holders of an opposite faith seal theirs with their blood.

Thus, after seven long years of hesitation, Henry found himself plunged in the battle of the Reformation. It is but his due to say that never did a leader fight a battle with cooler or sterner resolution. But as yet the suppression of the monasteries was scarcely contemplated; and it was thought that a visitation by the Royal Commissioners would serve to cure the evil. The abbots were accordingly visited, and the result of the visit was laid before Parliament in a black book, which Mary afterwards succeeded in destroying from the records. But other documents still exist, which Mr. Proude dares only to cite sparingly; but his quotations show that the worst stories of monastic corruption are not exaggerations. It is proved that those stories apply in their naked impurity to two-thirds of the monastic societies of the age; that the confessional was the usual stage of seduction; that many of the abbots openly kept their mistresses; that funds intended for charity were misappropriated to the vilest purposes of luxury; and that the monasteries and nunneries were generally theatres of promiscuous debauchery. Such was the substance of the report presented to Parliament—a report which appears to have been drawn up impartially, and to have consisted of an ample and veracious collection of details. Accordingly Parliament suppressed instantly the more notorious of the monasteries, prorogued the dissolution of others, but finally, yet with apparent reluctance, recognised and sanctioned the necessity of a total dissolution.

So worked the Reformation under the guiding influence of one strong will and strong hand. It is scarcely possible for us to determine how far the rapid progress of the work was due to that one will and hand, and how far they led or were led by the parliament and people in whose names the work was done. It is certain that the parliaments of the Tudors were as obsequious as those of the Stuarts were refractory to royalty; and the knowledge that we have of the high and haughty tone in which Charles I. dared to treat his early parliaments necessarily leads us to attribute a still higher influence to Henry VIII. It is certain that the executive details of the English Reformation, such as the Act of Succession and the Act of Supremacy, were the creatures of Henry's own will; but it is no less certain that their spirit was the spirit of the nation. The Anglo-Saxon branch of the great Teutonic family had long been ready and desirous to follow the great movement of their German brethren. Englishmen were heart and soul sick of the Pope, and yearning for a genuine and real religion; and, while the general principles of their desire were being worked out, it mattered little to them what were the personal motives by which power was led to work them out. All that they cared for was that the work should be done as substantially it was done.

Had it been otherwise, it is probable that the horrible tragedy which closed the career of the "fair mischief" who is thought to have caused the English Reformation, would have been more than a merely domestic calamity in their eyes. Queen Anne Boleyn at this crisis, after a few short years of royalty, had become implicated in charges which fall short only, if they do fall short, of those which were brought against Messalina.

Four noble gentlemen, one of whom was her own brother, were charged severally with distinct acts of adultery with her. Against all the grand juries of Middlesex and Surrey found true bills; and on these bills all were indicted and found guilty by petty juries. One had previously confessed or stated his guilt. All were executed. The Queen herself was arraigned before the first peers of the realm. By them she also was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to decapitation.

In this terrible tragedy Mr. Froude entertains a strong opinion that the facts were proved; but, unfortunately, no record of the evidence remains: and again we are left in the doubt which hangs over so many of the prominent events of the age. It seems inconceivable that sixty Englishmen, many of them men of distinction, should have been brought to convict four illustrious and innocent men of unproved crimes. It is remarkable that Cranmer, who at first was strongly convinced of the Queen's innocence, was afterwards as strongly convinced of her guilt. It is, also, inconceivable that the powerful majority of English peers could have been so far lost to every sentiment of manly justice as to convict a royal lady merely to please a royal master. On the other hand, there is extant a touching letter from the Queen to the King, in which she asseverates her total innocence with all the apparent signs and circumstances of truth. It must also be remembered that, inconceivable as it may be to Englishmen of our day that sixty Englishmen of that day could deliberately, under the influence of despotism, sanction and recommend a series of foul murders, yet English juries were not then what they are now; and, if Mr. Froude be acquainted, as doubtless he is, with the state trials, and especially with such trials as that of Raleigh, he must be fully aware that trial by jury in the sixteenth century, when the Crown was concerned, was a mere mockery of justice and customary engine of tyranny.

As we have said, nothing is known of the evidence in any of the cases; but the alleged accomplices are said to have died confessing the justice of their sentence. The Queen asserted her innocence to the last. Thus stands the case for posterity; and it is well to leave it still doubtful for all subsequent posterity.

And so ends the second of Mr. Froude's volumes; so ends the first portion of a history noble in performance, and noble in its future promise. For the first time the History of the English Reformation has been told impartially by a scholar and a philosopher who has no bias to mislead or pervert his veracity and his judgment. It is impossible, we think, for any one to read his work carefully without arriving at the same conclusions substantially as those at which Mr. Froude has arrived. In estimating Henry VIII.'s part in the Great Revolution, we do not think that Mr. Froude assigns due weight to the influence of royal caprice and the known frailty of the royal reformer. Passionate, self-willed, imperious, and by degrees ferocious, Henry VIII. either always was or became long before his death. His dealings with Clement, about the great divorce, were conducted in very much the same spirit as that in which Agamemnon tore Briseis from Achilles. Like him, Henry was a king of men; and like Achilles he was

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.

The *stet pro ratione voluntas* was his instinct at least as much as it was that of the patrician ladies whom Juvenal has immortalised in satire. His motives were his own ungovernable passions; and those passions shine everywhere in his career transparently through the thin veil of moderation and reason in which they are folded. State policy would never have torn him from Catherine, if aversion had not in the first instance made him see and perhaps form that policy. None can read the jovial but truculent language of the familiar features of his portraits, without feeling that they represent a good-natured but dogged and inflexible resolution to follow the path of personal caprice at all risk and price; and, even like Laertes, to "dare damnation" rather than lose the coveted plaything of the moment. Yet such was precisely the man for the place and the occasion. The nation desired a Reformation, and the time was ripe for it. A more enlightened man would have distrusted the multitudinous schisms which sprung up like mushrooms after the explosion of the huge sham. A less enlightened man would have been paralysed, like John and Henry II., by the terrors of superstition; and a better and more prudent man would probably

have shrunk from perilling his kingdom and his salvation for the gratification of a personal sentiment. Yet a less strong personal and worldly sentiment would probably have failed to stimulate a better man. Without, however, descending to an abstruse comparison and appreciation of motives, there is a sufficient claim on us to find that Henry VIII. deserved well of his country in the knowledge that there was a great work which required to be done in his time and country, and that he did it manfully, prudently, and thoroughly. He was the last Englishman born in the purple who has shown himself worthy to sit on an English throne. All his ideas and actions were pre-eminently English; all his infirmities were English; and, in looking back to the battle which he fought and won so well, there is every ground for pride and exultation in the fact that such a man led England safely and gallantly through the greatest of her social revolutions.

PHILO.

BIOGRAPHY.

Cornelius Agrippa.—The Life of Henry Cornelius Agrippa von Nettesheim, Doctor and Knight, commonly known as a Magician. By HENRY MORLEY. 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1856. 8vo.

MR. MORLEY has presented the public with another instructive and delightful biography, written in a fair and genial spirit, the result of learning, much reading, discrimination, and painstaking, and one which cannot fail to make its way in the world. The present work completes a design which the author had in view—to exhibit the life of a scholar of the sixteenth century, about the period of the revival of letters, and the dawn of the Reformation. From his pen we had, first, the Frenchman, "Palissy the Potter," lively, struggling, and ingenious; the student in nature, the inventor of an art; next the Italian, Jerome Cardan, scholar and physician, with his Italian passions, shrewdness, wit, and superstitious mind; and now the German, Cornelius Agrippa, soldier, theologian, and courtier, more varied than the former as a scholar, more daring as a philosopher, more devout and amenable as a man. His singularly diversified life, his aspirations, his failures, his sufferings and persecutions, are ably told by Mr. Morley. With the assistance of his volumes, we proceed to give a short sketch of the man.

Henry Cornelius Agrippa von Nettesheim—better known as Cornelius Agrippa—was born at Cologne, on the 14th Sept. 1486, the son of noble parents. Of his earliest youth we have few particulars. We know only that he was an ardent student, as he continued to be throughout his life, devouring all that came in his way with a keen appetite, and forgetting nothing that he had once learned. He had also facilities at Cologne, for making himself acquainted with several of the living languages. At one period of his life he knew eight languages, and conversed readily in six. At what age he left the parental roof to enter the service of the Emperor Maximilian as a secretary is uncertain; but we find him in Paris, at the age of twenty, attached to a diplomatic mission, while ostensibly completing his studies in the University. His knowledge of languages, learning, courage, and self-reliance may have recommended him to the Emperor for this service. While pursuing the life of a student, the young diplomatist could be quietly noting down his observations on men and public affairs, without being suspected by any one. At the University he became the heart and soul of a band of young students, anxious inquirers in the path of knowledge like himself, and some of whom lived to be distinguished. They formed themselves into a secret association of theosophists, and maintained an intimate correspondence with each other for many a year. It was at the University where Agrippa entered into the hot-headed conspiracy, which afterwards, against his will and against his conscience, led him to Spain, not to make gold as some of his calumniators have stated, but to head a military force destined for a treacherous object. He failed in his object; the country people rose against the "German" who came seeking to invade their rights; and for several weeks he was besieged with a few of his retainers in a mountain fastness, from which he possibly would never have escaped, but for the fidelity and ingenuity of a peasant. This portion of Mr. Morley's narrative is exceedingly interesting. From Spain he sailed to Italy and from

thence to France, in search of Landulph, one of his most attached theosophic friends, whom he found at Lyons. The fortunes of the pair were at the lowest ebb, and schemes were talked over which should make, or at least advance, the fortunes of both. Agrippa had conceived a distaste for the military life, and was ready to renounce his fealty to Mars to become the subject of Minerva. Indeed, though lately engaged as a courtier and a soldier, he had not been neglectful of learned pursuits. He collected books wherever he went, especially Greek and Hebrew books, in which languages he had instructed himself, and the fame of his scholarship was spread abroad. Prelates, and men of note and learning, wrote to and encouraged the boy philosopher, and even invited one to converse with them who in his twenty-third year had mastered all the sciences as then known, and who had read books in Hebrew and Greek, languages regarded by the ignorant monks of his age as calculated to introduce every species of heresy. He resolved to gratify his friends, and to approve his scholarship, by giving public lectures in the University of Dôle. His friends, the theosophists, sworn brothers all, but unselfish friends, paved the way for his reception. It was no doubt the desire of Agrippa, while dispensing his philosophy to all comers gratuitously, to conciliate the favour of Margaret of Austria, the sister of Maximilian, who was then mistress of Dôle. Such a desire was not at all discreditable to Cornelius. A man cannot live on philosophy without a loaf to sustain him, and in an age when there was no popular patronage to be obtained, it was natural to seek the patronage of princes and nobles, who often made a popularity through sheltering learned men and encouraging learning. In truth the reciprocity was oftener than not in favour of the patron, who, while deriving fame from his patronage of a scholar, sometimes left him to starve. Agrippa resolved to lecture on Reuchlin's book on the *Mirific Word*.

And here we would note a good quality in Mr. Morley's performance. He does not leave the miscellaneous reader to find out who Reuchlin was, or what is meant by the *Mirific Word*; it is the same when he has to mention any of Agrippa's great contemporaries. He tells us something of who they were, and of what they did. At this point he gives a succinct account of the Hebrew Cabala and its contents. The Cabala ascribes great wonder-working power to the knowledge of divine names. It was this knowledge which enabled Moses to overcome the magicians of Egypt; Elijah to call down fire from heaven; Daniel to close the mouth of lions.

But of all names by which wonders can be wrought, the *Mirific Word of Words*, was the concealed name of God—the Schem-hammaphorash. Whoever knows the true pronunciation of the name of Jehovah—the name from which all other names in the world spring as the branches from a tree—whoever has that in his mouth has the world in his mouth. When it is spoken angels are stirred by the wave of the sound. It rules all creatures, works all miracles, it commands all the inferior names of Deity which are borne by the several angels that in heaven govern the respective nations of the earth. The Jews had a tradition that when David was upon the point of fighting with Goliath, Jaschbi, the giant's brother, tossed him up into the air, and held a spear below, that he might fall upon it. But Abishai, when he saw that, pronounced the holy name, and David remained in the air till Jaschbi's spear no longer threatened him. They said, also, that the *Mirific name* was among the secrets contained in the Holy of Holies, and that when any person having entered that shrine of the Temple learnt the word of power, he was roared at as he came out by two brazen lions, or bayed by brazen dogs, until through terror he lost recollection of it. Some Jews accounted also by a fable of this nature for our Saviour's miracles. They said that, having been admitted within the Holy of Holies, and having learned the sacred mystery, he wrote it down upon a tablet, cut open his thigh, and having put the tablet in the wound, closed the flesh over it by uttering the name of wonder. As he passed out the roaring lions caused the secret to pass from his mind; but afterwards he had only to cut out the tablet from his thigh, and, as the beginning of miracles, heal instantly the wound in his own flesh by pronouncing the *Mirific Word*.

It was on Reuchlin's treatise on the *Mirific Word*, then, that Cornelius Agrippa lectured upon before the University of Dôle—a subject which enabled him to display the full range of his learning, before the Parliament and magistracy of the little town, and the dignitaries and professors of the University. His success was great, and, though so young, he was created a Doctor in Divinity, and received a stipend from

the University. He was still, however, the servant of the Emperor, and "received reminders of the military life he was so ready to forsake." His great desire, therefore, was to obtain, as already stated, the patronage of Margaret of Austria. Cornelius was Doctor in Divinity, and he was also a courtier. To win a woman's favour it behoved him to say something pretty about women. He had expounded Reuchlin gratuitously to magnify Margaret, and now he would write a book on the Nobility and Pre-eminence of the Female Sex, to bring himself still farther under her notice. The poor young Doctor, be it noted, was in love at the time with a pretty Genevan girl of noble blood, and he would, no doubt, propitiate two princesses at once. The book was written at Dôle in 1509, but two-and-twenty years elapsed before it was printed. Here, again, we must note another merit in Mr. Morley as a biographer. He gives, as he proceeds, such account of the contents of Agrippa's writings, such able digests, as enable the reader to comprehend their nature, and to understand their bearing upon his life. Very few would now attempt to read all that Agrippa has written; it would be a sad waste of time to sift away his dross and sand for the sake of discovering his few nuggets, noble as they may be. The "Nobility of the Female Sex" is, indeed, a curious and learned book. Within it he tells, in his arduous, not only *les biens qu'on a dit des femmes*, but also *les maux*. The whole pith of his argument is to prove that woman is the better half. "Man was called Adam, which means earth; woman Eva, which is, by interpretation, life." Cornelius was not an inductive philosopher by any means; and he maintains his arguments, from books, with statements which would not be accepted now by small boys in a National School.

It is because she is made of purer matter than a woman, from whatever height she may look down, never turns giddy, and her eyes never have mist before them like the eyes of men. Moreover, if a man and a woman tumble together into the water, far away from all external help, the woman floats long upon the surface, but the man soon sinks to the bottom.

Again; woman is superior to man in her structure:

Even after death nature respects her inherent modesty, for a drowned woman floats on her face, and a drowned man upon his back. The noblest part of the human being is the head; but the man's head is liable to baldness, woman is never seen bald. The man's face is often made so filthy by a most odious beard, and so covered with sordid hairs, that it is scarcely to be distinguished from the face of a wild beast; in woman, on the other hand, the face remains pure and decent. For this reason women were, by the laws of the Twelve Tables, forbidden to rub their cheeks, lest hair should grow and obscure their blushing modesty. But the most evident proof of the innate purity of the female sex is, that a woman having once washed is clean, and if she wash in a second water will not defile it; but that a man is never clean—though he should wash in ten successive waters, he will cloud and infect them all.

Both Scripture and profane history are abundantly quoted, to prove woman's superiority. Adam was the author of original sin, not our first mother. We have all sinned in Adam, not in Eve. The fruit of the tree of knowledge was forbidden to man only, the woman was free. She is not blamed for eating, but for causing sin in her husband by giving him to eat, and this not of her own will, but because the devil tempted her. For the rest, we must refer the reader to the author. Cornelius was full of hope; he had written his gallant treatise on woman; and in the same year, when he had won the applause of the magnates of Dôle and been made a Doctor, he was united to the young and beautiful Jane Louise Tyssie, a woman who could appreciate her husband's worth. This restless man, proud man, ambitious man, had within him a core of love and tenderness, which the narrative sufficiently proves.

For the present we shall say nothing of the next literary composition of Cornelius Agrippa, on Magic, nor of the evils impending over his head. We pass on to observe that he once more entered the service of Maximilian, and as *attaché* to an embassy came to the "great emporium of London." While here he was the guest of the great and good Dean Colet, founder of the school called St. Paul's. Colet lived in the then rather remote hamlet of Stepney, and so did Cornelius, who cared more for this good man's conversation than for all the joustings and revelries of Green-

wich or Richmond. A pleasing picture is given of the domestic life of the excellent Dean. Here the Magician heard Paul's letters expounded, and there is enough to show in his correspondence that he profited largely from what he heard taught under the hospitable Stepney roof. Reading on, we learn that the young theologian, "shining in mail," set out for Italy, where he was knighted for services in the field. But a year before a pope, in armour, had been seen at the head of an army. Nothing strange, then, in those days, that the doctor in divinity and scholar should have been seen more in the attitude of a man of war than a man of peace. He served, he says, the Emperor first as secretary, and for seven years as a soldier.

I was for several years, by the Emperor's command and by my calling, a soldier. I followed the camp of the Emperor and the King (of France); in many instances gave no sluggish help: before my face went death, and I followed, the minister of death, my right hand soaked in blood, my left dividing spoil: my belly was filled with the prey, and the way of my feet was over the corpses of the slain: so I was made forgetful of my inmost honour, and wrapped round fifteenfold in Tartarean shade.

It could hardly be otherwise. The campaign, as a whole, had a bad issue for the doctor and knight-at-arms. He was excommunicated by the Pope, and it was his fate at last to be made a prisoner of war. Patrons failed him most in his hour of need. He had a wife and family to maintain, and philosophy, however great as a consoler in the hour of need, does not always find sustenance for little mouths. His wife, a noble-hearted woman, cheered him on; but the fire of his hearth in Pavia was extinguished, and Cornelius Agrippa was a beggar. Thus rapidly and imperfectly we have skimmed Mr. Morley's first volume. Subsequent notice of the Magician will be needful.

(To be continued.)

RELIGION.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE agitation in favour of a revised translation of the Holy Scriptures continues, and is likely to extend itself still farther. A sensibly written pamphlet upon the subject is now lying before us. *Biblical Revision: Considerations in favour of a Revised Translation of Holy Scripture*. By EDWARD SLATER. (London: Shaw).—In this pamphlet the writer successfully combats the objections usually urged against any interference, from whatever quarter it may come, with the present version. The changes proposed to be made are only such as would expunge acknowledged errors, neither is there any danger of even the old familiar phraseology being interfered with. Mr. Slater gives several specimens of the errors complained of, and of amended translations—the latter, for the most part, taken from high authorities. He is also in favour of a distribution of the sacred text into paragraphs, instead of verses, as at present; of an improved punctuation; and of the substitution of vernacular words for those which have become obsolete. He concludes by expressing "a fervent hope that this great work may signalise the reign of our beloved Queen. It will not be the least sparkling of the diamonds that will lend lustre to her crown. All concurrent circumstances point to this as the fitting time, and to her Majesty as the appropriate individual to inaugurate the solemnity. Religious scruples have given way to a more enlightened and creditable feeling, and a higher standard of religious truth than that afforded by the present version is plainly a desideratum. Let her Majesty, following in this respect the example of James I., appoint to this work a body of men the most qualified for the task the realm affords, and we cannot doubt the result will be a version of Holy Scriptures incomparably better than the present; thus supplying a fresh cause of exultation in her Majesty's rule, and a surpassing debt of gratitude to the hand that conferred the boon."

While on the subject of Biblical revision, we may also mention *Diatheekes, Covenant not Testament*, throughout the book commonly called the *New Testament*; or, the *Old and New Covenants* the proper title for the Bible. A contribution towards a revision of the present authorised version. (London: Trübner and Co.)—In the composition of this pamphlet there is shown a respectable amount of Greek and Latin learning. We cannot say the same, however, for the writer's Hebrew, since in the very first page he has allowed so glaring a misprint as בְּרִית for בְּרִית to escape him. This, we believe, is the only Hebrew word, printed in Hebrew characters, throughout the publication. We are at a loss also to conceive why the writer should have printed his Greek words for the most part in Latin characters. This is but mere "affectations," as Sir Hugh would say. The subject-matter of the pamphlet, however, is worth consideration.

Next in importance to the revision of the Bible is

that of the Liturgy, which is treated of in *Suggestions for increasing the efficiency of the Church of England. A letter to the Right Hon. Viscount Palmerston, M.P.* By the Rev. JOHN W. LESTER, Incumbent of Ashton Hayes, near Chester. (London: Heylin).—Mr. Lester strenuously advocates the shortening of the Morning Service, on the ground that "even a novice to the service, though perhaps struck with its beauty, must complain of its painful length. What must it be to those who know every sentence?" Some propose the shortening of the sermon instead; but to this our author replies that the sermon is as imperatively enjoined as any other portion of the service, quoting the apostle Paul—"For Christ sent me not to baptise, but to preach the Gospel." Is the sermon then to be degraded into almost the lowest place in the service? Is it to be left to the last few minutes, when the congregation, already exhausted, is not in a proper frame of mind to gain spiritual advantage? If our readers have not already perceived that Mr. Lester is a very low Churchman, they will entertain no doubt upon the subject when we tell them that a little farther on he advocates the propriety of admitting ministers of other denominations into the pulpits of the Church of England. Although tolerably liberal ourselves, we cannot by any means see either the propriety or feasibility of such a course as this. We quite agree with him, however, in his suggestions relative to a "more equal distribution of the Church's income," and to the "making the sale of livings illegal." The permission of such a thing as the sale of presentations to livings has always appeared to us a foul blot upon the Church of England.

The next publication that we take up—*A Letter to the Editor of the Times Newspaper upon the Expediency of Repealing the Act of Uniformity*. By the Rev. CHRISTOPHER NEVILLE (London: Ridgway)—is even more out-spoken than Mr. Lester's. If the gentleman last mentioned advocated the admission of Dissenters under perhaps certain restrictions to preach in our parish churches, what shall we say of one who calls upon us to "repeal the Act of Uniformity, abolish tests and subscriptions beyond the letter of Scripture, remove these artificial barriers between one set of Christians and another; let the people choose their own ministers and bishops; let those ministers interpret the Scriptures by 'reason and learning,' which they have just as much claim to do, and much freer opportunities of doing, than Cranmer and those of his time. Our Articles are the traditions of 300 years; let them be discarded as a rule of faith. Let us really do what we now only pretend to do, put our trust in the sufficiency of Scriptures, and let us give up the notion that we can put the doctrines of the Bible into plainer or better language than the Bible itself." Not having the Clergy List at our elbow, we are not quite aware, while reading this, whether Mr. Neville be or not a clergyman of the Church of England. If he be, all that we can say is, the sooner a revival of Convocation takes place the better, in order that we may have some tribunal to take notice of such vagaries.

SCIENCE.

Nomos: an Attempt to Demonstrate a Central Physical Law in Nature. London: Longman and Co.

THE publication of a work dealing with subjects of general interest, and professing to offer new theories on those subjects, is a fact which at once suggests an inquiry as to who the writer may be. In the remarkable work before us we find no information vouchsafed on this point. Unusual as the occurrence appears, we cannot forget that new and striking ideas have been propounded on scientific subjects by other recent writers, who have nevertheless chosen (doubtless for good reasons of their own) to enshroud themselves in mystery. The "Vestiges of Creation" and the "Essay on the Plurality of Worlds" remain on the tables and book-shelves of a book-loving public, as yet unacknowledged by their respective writers, although shrewd suspicions may have been widely entertained as to the authorship of those extraordinary, and now celebrated, works. The inference is that the enunciator of new and peculiar theories on scientific topics may, in certain cases, find it politic to ascertain how far his views meet with the approval of competent authorities before claiming them as his own. Had Galileo adopted this course he would never have languished in the dungeons of the Inquisition; and, although a theorist of our own time has, fortunately, no fear of incarceration before his eyes, still it must be admitted that some amount of obloquy awaits the ingenious discoverer of a new system of either mental or physical philosophy at his first appearance, when he is necessarily the antagonist of existing beliefs—the assailant of other schools, without a school of his own—a teacher with, as yet, no train of disciples.

To pass from the undiscovered author to his published book which lies before us, we cannot but be struck with the wideness of its scope, and the clearness with which its propositions are set forth. It is not necessary to read many pages before the reader becomes acquainted with its object. The introductory section contains enough to inform us of the main ideas of the entire volume. The argument, as here summed up, is not, it scarcely need be said, in accordance with the usually received ideas, and we see at once that a vast amount of evidence will be required to establish the truth of the author's propositions. He adopts the interrogative form, and asks:

What is electricity? It is no single agent. It is a name for many agents in one—heat, light, magnetism, and others. What is magnetism? Nothing apart from electricity. What is artificial light? Like natural light, it goes hand in hand with heat, and it has the same power of working chemical wonders upon the magic screen of the photographic camera. What is heat? It is one of the signs of luminous, and electrical, and chemical action. What is chemical power? A power which bursts into light and heat in flame, and which changes into electricity and magnetism in the galvanic trough. What are the attractive forces which are associated with electricity and magnetism, and which play so important a part in chemical changes? Nothing is known about them, and, after all, they may prove to be only varying aspects of that force of attraction which is supposed to be neither electrical, nor magnetical, nor chemical—even the force of gravity. Indeed, so intimate and inseparable is the connection between these agents, that it is more easy to look upon them as *signs of action* than as *agents*.

The author then proceeds to express his disbelief in the commonly-received opinion that electricity, &c., are imponderable agents—i.e. agents beyond the scope of physical inquiry. He considers that they are signs of a definite action in matter, in obedience to the ordinary laws of chemistry; and maintains that there is a GREAT CENTRAL LAW, of which these are so many manifestations. In other words, the law which in the experience of the chemist's laboratory connects all these phenomena is, according to this theory, an universal law of nature, and is observable as well out of the laboratory as within it. Assuming, for the purpose of the argument, that space is filled with matter capable of offering resistance, and not with imponderable ether, as former writers assume, this universal law is relied on as governing the movements (orbital and otherwise) of all the heavenly bodies—as regulating the tides, and as accounting for the phenomenon of light, accompanied as it is by natural heat and the chemical action of the solar ray.

So much for the "law" which it is the object of the introductory section to explain, and of the book to demonstrate. No more elevated designation is thus far given to it than "the law of the laboratory"—a circumstance which would seem to indicate a practical rather than a poetical turn of mind in the author, notwithstanding the vastness of his leading idea. The great question, however, will be, How is the theory substantiated?

In treating of the phenomena of artificial force—electricity, light, heat, &c.—the author very properly states that the question is not whether they are connected, as the researches of Mr. Grove and others have removed all doubt as to that. The question is rather, Are they not so nearly connected as to be merely manifestations of the same law? Of all the various descriptions of electricity, it will be necessary to mention two only, voltaic and ordinary electricity. These two principal kinds of electricity are shown to be essentially the same by a large number of facts based upon recent experiments of Dr. Faraday, and other eminent chemists. These facts seem to show conclusively that in no respect but one is there any difference between them, and this is in quantity. The experiments of Faraday which afford a solution of this question are most interesting. Their nature may be explained by a few extracts:

The first thing to be determined was whether the same absolute quantity of ordinary electricity sent through a galvanometer under different circumstances will cause the same deflection of the needle. This was found to be the case. . . . The next step was to compare ordinary and voltaic electricity, quantity by quantity, by means of the deflection of the needle. (The machine used is then described.) The experiment was to charge the battery by thirty turns of the machine, and then, having included a thick wet string about ten inches in length in the circuit, to discharge the battery through the galvanometer and notice the deflection of the needle. The

result was that the needle immediately became deflected through 53 divisions of its arbitrary scale. . . . The next thing was to ascertain how much voltaic electricity was required to produce this amount of deflection, and now the difficulty was to get a voltaic apparatus of sufficient minuteness. After many trials, however, Dr. Faraday succeeded in finding that the same degree of deflection was caused by two mere wires, one of platinum and the other of zinc, 5-8ths of an inch in length, 1-18th of an inch in diameter, and 5-16ths of an inch apart, when immersed in 4 oz. of water mixed with one drop of ordinary sulphuric acid for three seconds. Taking the power of decomposition as the measure of quantity, Dr. Faraday also found that iodide of potassium was decomposed, and the same amount of iodine set free by this infinitesimal battery in three seconds as by thirty turns of the large machine. . . . If other proof is necessary, it may be found in the common Leyden Jar. This jar may be charged indifferently by either electricity, and the signs of charge and discharge in either case are perfectly indistinguishable. The only difference is that the action of charging by the electrical machine is a matter of time and labour: (p. 19).

The identity of the other kinds of electricity with ordinary and voltaic electricity is then shown by a similar train of arguments, and the analogies shown of the states called conduction and insulation, charge and discharge, current and tension, as we think very conclusively, by arguments drawn from some beautiful experiments of Faraday, Wheatstone, and others. The connection is then demonstrated between chemical and electrical action in the fluid, the metallic, and the aerial parts of the circuit in the voltaic battery. With regard to the metallic part, the author adopts the views of Professor Graham as to chemical action arising from the molecular condition of the metal, and concludes that a metal not only may be, but must be, the seat of chemical changes during the presence of electricity. The demonstration that the current is nothing more than the transmission of certain definite chemical changes in a given direction, occupies a considerable space, and is one of the most important—perhaps the most important—portion of the work; but it would be quite impossible to convey any idea of it without the aid of the numerous diagrams to which the various steps of the argument refer.

The author then discusses the affinity between electricity and magnetism; and, after showing that all the phenomena of magnetism may be observed in a moveable spiral conductor during the passage of a current, proceeds to prove that electrical currents circulate around every magnet in a direction transverse to the line connecting the two poles. The rotatory movement is next illustrated by some remarkable experiments of the rotation of a magnet round an electrical conductor and of an electrical conductor round a fixed magnet. These phenomena are accounted for in an argument of very great subtlety, as proportioned to their importance; for we find from the next chapter that they furnish the keystone to the solar system propounded by the author.

The conclusions of the author as to the movements of a magnetic needle appear very clearly to follow from the facts which he states. He discards the notion of special magnetical currents, and traces all the phenomena of magnetism to intelligible reactions between simple currents of electricity. Electrical heat and electrical light are next shown with great ingenuity to result from chemical action, and this branch of the subject is summed up as follows:

We have arrived at a point from which we catch a glimpse of a central law. As we come along, the phenomena of electricity are seen to submit themselves to the law of chemical action, and magnetism, and light, and heat, are found to become mere modes of electricity. . . . They have all merged into a common action . . . an action which depends not upon incomprehensible imponderables, but upon certain definite and comprehensible properties of matter. . . . All things have indeed combined to point to a law, which is at once simple in its nature, and manifold in its operations. . . . Now there are several signs which seem to show that this law may be a cosmical law. Light, heat, and chemical power attend upon the force of gravity in the solar ray, and render it difficult to regard this force as an isolated and independent power; and it is not easy to suppose that magnetism and electricity do not enter into the perfect idea of that law by which the earth is ruled. There are many signs from which we should infer that the law of which we have been speaking has a wider scope than was at first apparent, and which encourage us to search whether it be so or not.

Accordingly, the author, after giving an outline of the discoveries of Kepler, and of the far more

complete system of Newton, notices some difficulties not provided for by the Newtonian philosophy, and proceeds to argue that space is filled by a transparent substance of sufficient density to admit of those molecular changes which are called "chemical" when they occur in mundane substances. Assuming that currents of "electricity" surround the earth in a direction parallel to the plane of the ecliptic, and that similar currents proceeding from the sun converge upon the part of the earth nearest (neither of which assumptions are unwarrantable), it follows, from the conclusions arrived at in former parts of the work, that the earth will rotate upon her own axis, as well as revolve round the sun; and now we see why so much importance was attached to the fact of a magnet revolving round a fixed conductor. The explanation given is identical. Of course, if the earth moves in obedience to this law, all the other planets do the same. The orbital eccentricities of some of the heavenly bodies are accounted for in an extremely ingenious manner; nor do the peculiar movements of comets appear to the author to throw a shadow of doubt upon his theory. The prolonged absence of Encke's comet, and the peculiar movements of Halley's comet, he shows to accord with that theory.

The search after a great central law is next conducted through the phenomena of natural heat, and it is shown not only that an enlargement in the equatorial region will be consequent on solar heat, but that on the analogy furnished by known substances, a focal concentration of heat within the earth will take place, and be productive of certain results on the surface of the earth most removed from the sun. These facts form the basis of a new theory of the tides, free from any of the unanswered objections which stand in the way of the existing tidal theory. No portion of the work is, to our mind, more conclusive than this. The ingenious diagrams representing the tidal movements as they actually occurred during the month of February 1853, at the island of St. Helena (where no impediments to the free tidal flow arise from other shores) appear to be demonstrative of the writer's propositions.

In support of the idea that the earth may undergo expansion by reason of the solar heat, the two great events of the Creation and the Deluge, according to the Mosaic history, are referred to. The first of these events may doubtless derive much elucidation, if we assume that the author's theory of the earth is the correct one; and if we admit, in addition, that the position of the earth with regard to the sun was miraculously changed immediately before the latter event, the phenomena attendant on it may doubtless be explained in conformity with known principles. To a large class of readers, these attempts to illustrate science by Scripture, and Scripture by science, will possess a very great interest; and many who do not agree with the author in all his conclusions will at least sympathise with a scientific writer who adduces new arguments to prove the entire and literal exactness of the Mosaic account. How far the attempt to do so has succeeded, we will not take upon ourselves to determine. We must, however, express our dissent from the author's opinion as to the age of the globe on which we live. His arguments fail to convince us that the coal strata are formed from drifts deposited at comparatively recent periods. The whole weight of evidence seems to show that these strata, as well as the sedimentary rocks, were formed by very slow degrees, at vastly remote periods. Nor do we believe that this well-grounded conclusion, supported as it is by the opinion of the most eminent geologists, in any manner militates against the teaching of the sacred writings.

The views propounded on this subject are not, however, essential to the great theory so ably put forward in the pages of *Nomos*. Although a small book, it deals with subjects of the highest moment, in a manner which testifies to the extensive information and rare logical powers of its author. A very clearly-arranged table of contents acts as a kind of map to the almost unknown regions through which the writer essays to guide us by so original a path.

Advanced Text-book of Geology. By DAVID PAGE, F.G.S. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1856.

This is intended as a sequel to the author's more elementary work, the "Introductory Text-book," and will be found useful to a more advanced class of

students. Mr. Page's object appears to have been not so much to strike out any new theories of his own, as to explain and render intelligible known facts and theories which are already recognised; and in this he has been most successful, for a more comprehensive and intelligible text-book of geology we are not acquainted with. A copious glossary of geological terms appended to the volume adds materially to the utility of the work.

FICTION.

Stories. By an Archaeologist and his Friends. London: Bell and Daldy. 1856.

THE author of the two interesting volumes before us has attempted to invest certain sciences in which he is interested with a sort of extraneous charm, by a series of well-told anecdotes, bearing more or less upon these sciences. The machinery for introducing the different stories is the old one which dates as far back as the Decameron; a company of friends, each engaged in some scientific or artistic pursuit, hold periodical meetings in Naples and in Rome, and beguile the time by the alternate relation of some incident which each has picked up, either in the experience, or through the medium of his studies. Every story in the collection is, so far as we are aware, perfectly new; and we can confidently recommend the volume to our readers as one of the most agreeable and at the same time most instructive works of fiction which have appeared for some time past.

In an introductory chapter, the author enters into an apology for archaeological studies, and to young ladies in particular, he addresses the following very curious argument:

Even "military young gentlemen" (he says) are not unfrequently brought within the magic circle of archaeology, and that "papers" at "institutes" have been positively lisped from beneath as faultless and magnificent a pair of moustachios as ever graced a parade or did their resistless execution in a ball-room.

After this and other *eloges* upon the pursuit of archaeology, the persons composing the society of friends by whom the stories are to be related are formally introduced.

The members consisted of, first, an enthusiastic general antiquarian, who was generally denominated "the archaeologist," but who was simply a wealthy English merchant, loitering pleasantly over his "grand tour," and who was considered the founder of the society; secondly, of an English botanist studying the flora of the South of Europe, but who, like the others, had been bitten by the mania of antiquities during his Italian travels; thirdly, of a young Spanish poet, whose love of ancient art formed part of his general *culte* of the beautiful. There was also a French *savant*, a surgeon, whose enthusiasm for the science which he had made his profession lay more in what concerned its history than its practice; and his days were spent in the examination of the singular surgical instruments in use among the Romans, which have been so curiously preserved in the disinterred chambers of the city of Pompeii. There was also a student of history, whose favourite subject was that great final irruption of northern barbarians by which the Roman Empire was subverted, and the modern kingdoms founded; and there was an enthusiastic numismatist, an Italian *savant* of wonderful acquirements; and a young English painter, studying the art for love rather than profit, who was seeking in the remains of antique art for the true key to the beautiful—that abstract beauty which is beautiful in all time—the key which was certainly discovered by the Greeks, and then lost, like the wand of Prospero, in the depths of the ocean or of barbarism. And there was a semi-insane bibliophile—one of their most delightful members—whose paradise was among the dusty folios of La Cava, and whose rhapsodies about old books, and rare *codices*, and inestimable *papyri*, formed one of the great charms of their monthly meetings; and he possessed, withal, the art of "narrating," an art he was very fond of exercising, and which made him very popular as one of their monthly story-tellers. Then there were the biographer, as he was termed, and the musical antiquary, and some other less distinguished members whom it is not needful to name.

From a society so constituted much interesting and valuable matter might be expected. Their evenings of meeting were spent in each other's rooms in the beautiful city of Naples; and, after a learned but not unlively conversation, suggested by the novel objects of antiquarian lore which each had been able to collect in the interval since the last meeting, some one or other would volunteer a story for the amusement of his companions. The first story is that of the Bibliophile, and is entitled, "The Lost Books of Livy." A scholar named Dubois spends his

life and fortune in searching after those lost treasures; his whole time is occupied in the examination of palimpsest manuscripts for some traces of the missing decades. At last he believes he has discovered them:—

One morning, after a more than usually pleasant reunion, Dubois rushed into his daughter's apartment, where she was engaged upon some household needle-work, exclaiming, "Ευρηκα! Ευρηκα! I have found it! I have found it! The name of Dubois, Marcelline, will go down to future generations joined with that of Livy!! Yes! the 'lost books' are in my grasp; and my life has been well—notably—spent!" And he dragged his daughter joyfully forth to his own study, and there, spread upon the floor, were several sheets of still wet vellum, from which more recent records had just been removed, exposing the faint characters of a nearly-erased manuscript, apparently of the tenth century, which a preparation he had just applied was rapidly developing into comparative distinctness. "These pages," said Dubois, addressing his daughter with a subdued but joyous voice, "these pages are a portion of the second decade of the Annals, which till now was entirely lost. See," he continued, pointing to a legible portion of the restored palimpsest, "here is evidently the account of the landing of Pyrrhus; and here," pointing to another sheet, "here is the account of the first battle, and of the terror of the Romans at the aspect of the elephants. To read the story of that turning point in the early history of Rome—that of the extension of her conquests in the south of Italy and Cisalpine Gaul, and the defeat of Pyrrhus, and the first Punic War, in the long-lost words of Livy—is a privilege which modern writers will owe to Dubois d'Erville!" exclaimed the old man, drawing himself up and looking proudly at his daughter. "And then my own great privilege," he continued, "to be the first among moderns to read the whole of the noble history of Livy; for I believe the whole is there," he continued, pointing to an immensely thick folio, of which the specimens on the floor were only the few first leaves; and near them there were some others, which Dubois believed to contain the first decade—a portion of the work which has never been lost.

That night the apartments of Dubois d'Erville are robbed, and all his precious manuscripts are stolen. A search, conducted by the Parisian police, brings him to a certain manufactory, where old parchments are consumed in large quantities. In this manufactory is employed the lover of Dubois's daughter, who enters warmly into the object of the search.

Away he ran, across court-yards, up wooden steps, ten at a bound, through long warehouses filled with packets, and bales of merchandise, and up many flights of stairs—Dubois following, with the activity of youth, in his excitement, till they reached a small room adjoining an enormous mass of lofty chimneys, from which heavy columns of black smoke rolled away driven by the wind in the direction of the plain of St. Denis. "Where is the old vellum that came in this morning?" said Hyppolite, out of breath, to a man who was checking off some accounts kept in white chalk, upon the dark boards of a wooden partition; "the lot from which you cut the two letters?" "Do you want to see it?" replied the man, carelessly. "Yes, yes," exclaimed Hyppolite; "it is very, very important, where is it?" "Let me see," said the man, still going on with his arithmetical calculations in chalk; "Let me see; it was lot No. 14, purchased at eight o'clock this morning. You see, we were rather short, Monsieur Hyppolite; our stock of old vellum had run very low, and I gave out the new lot directly. Pierre!" called the foreman, as he finished his statement, and opened a creaking door that was kept closed by means of a rope and weight working over a pulley—"Pierre!" "Monsieur," replied a deep voice within. "What was the number of the lot you put in last?" "No. 14," replied the voice, and the door closed again with the dining rattle of the rope and weight. "It is too late," said the foreman, turning to Hyppolite; "it went in at eleven o'clock." "In where?" cried Dubois, turning first to Hyppolite, and then to the foreman, with a look of haggard anxiety. "To the boiler," said Hyppolite, taking his uncle's hand. "I don't know whether I ever told you before—I think not, as I am not especially vain of my vocation—that this is a gelatine manufactory, in which tons of old parchment are boiled down every year.

So the lost books of Livy were boiled down to make gelatine, and the story ends with a wedding between Hyppolite and Dubois's daughter, Marcelline.

The next story, told by the Botanist, is founded upon the introduction into Europe of the beautiful tribe of Fuchsias. A young sailor brings his sweetheart a slipping of the pretty "crimson drop," the beauty of which he has often described to her. In his absence poverty comes upon her, and a nurseryman, who discerns the value of the beautiful little importation from South America,

tempts her with gold to sell it. She resists the temptation, and it is only when a seizure of her property has been made, and her lover returns, like William in "Black-eyed Susan," that the nurseryman succeeds in gaining possession of the coveted prize, with which (so goes the story) he realises a fortune of 30,000*l*.

The Numismatist's story relates the troubles of Signor Ruggieri, an Italian numismatist, who is unjustly charged with stealing a pentadachm of Ptolemy from the British Museum. In the relation of the incident much curious information respecting coins and ancient money is communicated.

In the Archaeologist's story of "Discoverers and their Persecutions," the discovery of gold in Australia is attributed to a convict named Blake.

One of the best stories in the first volume is that related by the Surgeon, "The Imperial Barber." It is an anecdote of the Emperor Commodus, whose cruel hoaxes are historical. One day the Emperor disguised himself as a barber, and set a freedman at the door to exhort the customers to enter. Among others, a young exquisite of Rome enters, remarkable for the possession of a very fine aquiline nose. The imperial barber is very loquacious, and the customer begins to exhibit signs of impatience.

"Have you heard, noble sir," resumed the barber, after a pause, "that the Emperor himself, as it is whispered about the palace, intends to appear as one of the gladiators?"—"By the darkness of Nix, the mother of Folly!" replied the young exquisite, "he is foolish enough for anything; and, they say, delights in slaying antagonists who are only allowed leaden swords to defend themselves with; and"—"Perdition catch whoever joggled my elbow!" cried the imperial barber; "here is the gentleman's splendid nose come off between my fingers!" Before the furious exquisite could spring from his seat upon the author of the "accident," he was hurried backwards by the guards, who sprang upon him, and pushed him out, like his predecessors, through the *posticum*; and then the Emperor threw himself into the *sella* just vacated by the unfortunate customer, to enjoy a loud, hearty, and final laugh, for he was getting tired of the sport. But he had not indulged his last fit of merriment many seconds when a loud knocking was heard at the back door. "Open gently, Stasimus," said the imperial tonsor, "there will be more sport, if he wants to come in again." And the sounds of a loud altercation were heard between the trainer and the last customer. "What is all this *stultiloquium* about? What does the *morio* want now?" inquired the Emperor. "The gentleman wants his nose," replied Stasimus, scarcely able to control his laughter, "to take to a surgeon in the Suburra, who undertakes, as he says, to repair that sort of thing, when taken in time." "Give it to him, by all means," replied the Emperor, picking up a nose. "Wrap this in a piece of Claudian papyrus, and let him take it, with our best wishes for its speedy restoration;" and again he resumed his interrupted laugh, as the back door closed. But the knocking was soon repeated; it was the exquisite again. "You have given me the wrong nose!" cried the victim, with a doleful nasal twang, that excited the mirth of the imperial party to the highest pitch. "You have given me the wrong nose!" "Let him take his choice!" shouted the facetious barber, with another burst of laughter; "let him take his choice! there are plenty of them. But another time, Stasimus," he continued, in a mock serious tone, "another time we must not have this confusion—we must have these confounded noses ticketed and numbered."

We may confidently recommend these volumes to our readers as one of the best collections of stories that has lately appeared.

Edgar Bardon; an Autobiographical Novel. By WILLIAM KNIGHTON, M.A., Author of "The Private Life of an Eastern King," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

WE are glad to meet Mr. Knighton fairly in fiction. His works hitherto have been a mingled web, fact and fiction together—a species of composition against which we have ever protested, in the interests of both; for the fact is marred by the fiction, and the fiction spoiled by the fact; while the mind of the reader is left in a state of doubt how much he may believe, and in fear lest he should accept for truth what is the mere coinage of the author's brain. Here, however, we have him, not pretending to fact at all, with a professed fiction, although frequently depicting scenes which he has evidently drawn from nature. This is the proper use of both; the former works were the abuse of both; and the improvement in this respect is shown in other ways. *Edgar Bardon* is a spirited, lively story, energetically told, full of incident, crowded with

character—not always probable, it is true, but always interesting. The attention of the duller reader will be kept alive by pages which are never slow, prosy, nor tedious, but carry him from adventure to adventure, from England to the East Indies, through long journeyings there to remote countries and a strange society, with pictures of life in the Punjab, and an overland journey home.

The plot is not much—scarcely deserving the name. There is no invention in it, and scarcely a plan; it is, in fact, a narrative of the hero's adventures in the form of an autobiography. It is the familiar incident of a youth despising the drudgery of the desk, to which paternal prudence had destined him, and preferring a soldier's life, going to India and getting into one of those scrapes of the heart into which it is the business of the novelist to plunge his hero, and thence afterwards to extricate him. The most life-like character is Aunt Honor; the most amusing, Barney the Irish valet. Recommending it as a pleasant book for the now long evenings, we take as a specimen of the author's manner a graphic picture of the approach to Calcutta, known by the name of

THE SUNDERBUNDS.

The approach to Calcutta from the sea is through one of the most frightful regions in the world. The Sunderbunds is the name given to a low district of rich alluvial soil, formed entirely by the Ganges, and not much, if at all, above high-water mark—a low district, which the abundance of moisture and the stimulating influence of a tropical sun have combined to cover so thickly with vegetation that it is almost impossible to distinguish one plant from another, even when the observer is close to them. Through these Sunderbunds, in a hundred various winding channels, the Ganges makes its way to the Bay of Bengal, sluggishly enough for the most part, but impetuously and uproariously when the floods of the wet season are rushing into its bed from all parts of its vast basin. To remain on these low lands at such seasons is to risk, or rather to incur certainly, jungle-fever in its most aggravated forms—to expose one's life to almost certain death. Like the mouths of the Niger and the Gambia in Africa, the graves of Europeans, the Sunderbunds reek with the rich odour of tropical vegetation, that renders the atmosphere thick and oppressive to the stranger, if not absolutely unendurable. The closest hothouse in Europe, with its hundreds of steaming plants, and its elevated artificial temperature, will give the visitor but a very faint impression of the suffocating perfumes exhaled by the richest possible soil, when acted upon by the combined influence of excessive moisture and excessive heat, stimulating it into life. Death in all shapes lurks amid these low-lying regions—death to man amid the luxuriance of tropical vegetative life. It is not the reeking plants with their huge leaves and rank fruits, nor the thick trees so laden with parasitic feeders that their branches in vain endeavour to support each other, and hang listlessly downwards, overcome in the struggle for existence—it is not the exhalations from these, unwholesome and fraught with danger as they are, that the European has most to fear. More deadly foes than even the jungle fevers, and far more rapid in execution, prowl about these dense thickets in formidable numbers.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Adventures of a Summer Eve. By WM. G. T. BARTER. London: Low, Son, and Co.
Eleonore; and other Poems. By HAMILTON AIDÉ. London: Chapman and Hall.
Original Poems. With Translations from Scandinavian and other Poets. By SOPHIA MILLIGAN. London: Hurst and Blackett.
Vernon: a Tale of the Sea. By HENRY BATE, M.R.C.S. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.
Lays of Memory, Sacred and Social. By a MOTHER and SON. London: Hurst and Blackett.

MR. BARTER, who about two years ago gave a very novel and learned translation of Homer into English Spenserian verse, has just commenced business for himself in the original department of poetry. He starts, we are pleased to see, with a very fair capital of ideas; so that the most crabbed critic will hardly be afforded the opportunity to exult over the bankruptcy of the poet's hopes. To commence an act with courage is the surest way to end it with triumph; and therefore Mr. Barter had a philosophic reason for soaring so bravely up into the realm of invention. His *Adventures of a Summer Eve*, a poem in six books, justifies our favourable opinion of the author's ability, an opinion originally formed on the translation of Homer's epic. The great

fault of Mr. Barter's poem is a crowding variety of subjects; and this necessitates an abruptness of treatment not always pleasing. The topics are in a high degree incongruous. We have scarcely revelled a moment with the aerial voyagers in the poet's elysium; we have made but the shortest acquaintance with the "winged invisibles," with the Nereids and their song; we have but just sailed into the lovely bay of Phrontis, but just ascended the river Mnemonia, where, by a stretch of the poet's fancy and the liberty he is allowed to take with departed genius and geographical probability, we see Shakspeare walking on the bank, when we are toppled down with the very faintest note of preparation to some abject circumstance—to something no more ennobling than the late Bal Masqué at Covent-garden Theatre. Thus the poet's power is frittered; thus his imagination soars only the next moment to bedabble its pinion in the mud. In future Mr. Barter must avoid this. It is enough for us to see that he can write with pith and power on a given subject; but we have no desire that he should coquet with every theme set down in the calendar.

It may be that we have little taste for lengthy poems, for we think the few short miscellaneous stanzas at the end of Mr. Hamilton Aidé's volume contain a richer vein of poetry than the more elaborate metrical narrative of *Eleonore*. This story discloses no new points, and the character and situation of its hero have an interest similar in kind, but less intense in degree, to the Gheber in the *Fire-Worshippers* of Moore. *Eleonore* is certainly not an artistic triumph, if the perfection of art is to conceal art. We see too evidently the throes of the poet, we mark too broadly the line where free utterance grows weak and halts. These failings are not apparent in the miscellaneous poems. In these we see that the poet, like a gallant racer, arrives at the goal without the painful process of exhaustion—almost without the show of toil. Some of the lyrics are really beautiful—as, for instance, where the bard, speaking of his mistress, says:

Her presence, like fresh morning showers,
Maketh more green earth's greenest place;
If she but stoop, sweet buds that droop
Look up into her face.
That May-day face, where nothing lives
That is not bright for long together;
Emotions pass her brow across,
Like clouds in golden weather.
Life's passing shades have scarcely chill'd
The gladness of her spirit's light—
O, when she's by the sun seems high,
And when she's past 'tis night!

The next book on our list, entitled *Original Poems, with Translations from Scandinavian and other Poets*, bears the name of Sophia Milligan, and is a charming addition to the drawing-room table. If any of our readers desire to make a present to a friend, this volume is admirably adapted for the purpose. The poems, both original and translated, have a noble object—because the author's aim has been to show how truth, love, and beauty, are recognised in every climate and race by those who claim to be the high priests of the Muses. In the great poets of every nation the religious feeling has been dominant, for this feeling is the soul of poetry, having an existence distinct and apart from all sectarian crudities. Religious fervour has always been and will always be the real wealth of poetic life, since the most active imagination is sure at last to lose itself in the Infinite. Our preachers, as a class, have never felt the thrill of religious emotion like our poets, or, if so, they have been less preachers than poets. It is a foul wrong (but a wrong that we are happy to see becoming year by year less), to say that a bard has "no devotion" because he does not write up a particular religious creed. We are just beginning to understand that all creeds in the true poetic soul flow into and are lost in the universal harmony of nature, in the broad ocean of humanity. It is mere drivelling folly to call Byron an Atheist, as he has frequently been called, when his magnificent line on the ocean will remain for ever radiant with his genius and his faith.

Thou glorious mirror! where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests!

Now it is precisely that the religious feeling is active in the translations which Miss Milligan has rendered, though the original poets themselves have not all been considered orthodox, that we value them. The value lies in this, that the nature which meekly rises to God must yearn downward to suffering mortality. We hardly

know which most to commend in this volume, the original poems or the translations, all being excellent as works of art, and charged with the right spirit. Some of the poems and translations, distinguished by initials, are by the mother of Miss Milligan, and it is but just to say that the gifted parent is entitled to share the palm with the gifted daughter. We shall best show our appreciation of these poems by finding space for a translation in our columns. This will serve to show a portion of the facile beauty which adorns the pages of Miss Milligan's book:

THE SHARING OF THE EARTH (SCHILLER).

"Take ye the world!" cried Jupiter from heaven
Unto mankind; "take, all your own shall be:
To you as an inheritance 'tis given;
But share between you brotherly!"

Then haste all who have hands, possession taking,
Active and busy rise both young and old;
The husbandman afield his harvest making;
The hunter ranging wood and wild.

The merchant takes whate'er his barns can treasure;
The Abbot chooses him the noblest wine;
The King bars streets and bridges at his pleasure,
And speaks: "The tenth of all is mine."

At last, when long the sharing had been over,
The poet came; he came from distance far,
Ah, not a remnant left could he discover,
For all he sees there owners are.

"Alas for me! alone of all creation
Am I forgot, I thy most faithful son?"
Thus loudly rose his cry of lamentation—
Prostrate he fell at Jove's high throne.

"If in the land of dreams idly reposing,"
Replied the god, "cast not the blame on me.
Where wast thou, as all men their lot were choosing?"
"I was," the poet said, "with thee."

"The glory of thy countenance enchaineth
Mine eye, thy heaven's harmony mine ear;
Forgive the spirit which, entranced remaining
In thy light, lost its portion here!"

"What help?" said Jove, "the world away is given;
Chase, harvest, market, are no longer mine;
But if thou wilt dwell with me in my heaven,
Whene'er thou comest, free entrance shall be thine."

Vernon, a poem by Henry Bate, will, by its length and dreariness, deter many persons from exploring it. It is scarcely an inducement to cross an arid desert, though one be told that here and there on the journey may be found a lovely flower, or a succulent leaf, or a sparkling pool. *Vernon* at half its present length would have been an improvement, because it would have exhibited only half its present weakness. If a green and living spot could be found on this dead metrical level, it would certainly be no requital for the labour of finding. We have alighted on nothing like poetry; not even has the art of rhyming been exercised with much success. We need not quote from *Vernon*, when the examples of failure are miserably plentiful; but we will take the only other poem in the volume, entitled "The Bridal." The man who penned the two first lines of this poem ought to have written more before he published, or ought never to write again. The bad rhyme, the bad rhythm, and, above all, the bad taste, are so glaring, that one wonders such could ever have been perpetrated:

Brightly the sun rose on that day that had been fixed upon
To celebrate the nuptials of a lady fair and young.

Although our last example does not prove the fact, yet the art of verse-making, in the main, has arrived to a perfection hitherto unattained. This would appear to be desirable; but it has its grave disadvantages. The metrical quantities are so self-evident now that every petty local publication easily finds its knot of small rhymers. Recently a friend of ours assured us, with evident satisfaction, that he thought it was very "easy to write poetry," for he had just tried his apprentice hand. This was a flippant way of knocking Shakspeare and Milton off their pedestals; but at the time we could not help thinking why we had no other such men as Shakspeare and Milton. Confound poetry with rhyme, and you do not debase poetry in the mind of those who feel its presence so much as you exalt rhyme to an unnatural and unwarrantable value. Now, we cannot find a fault with the smooth easy-flowing measure of *Lays of Memory*; but this knack of the age does not satisfy us. We look in this volume for the presence of genius, but look in vain. There are no bright footprints remaining to show where the poet has been. Yet there is in these poems that which redeems them from scorn. They have womanly grace, tenderness, and a sweet domesticity. There is everywhere the evidence of poetic feeling; but nowhere is there the highest expression of poetry—that expression which shows us how immeasurably we are below the large utterance of the poet.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Lecture on the Worthies of St. Dunstan's. By the Rev. A. B. SUTER, B.A.

This lecture has been published by request. It commemorates the men of note and the men of charity who were inhabitants or benefactors of the parish. An incident related of the well-known Richard Baxter, about the year 1652, bears so remarkable a resemblance to a painful one of recent occurrence that we extract it:—

"It fell out in St. Dunstan's Church, in the midst of a sermon, a little lime and dust, and perhaps a piece of a brick or two, fell down in the steeple or belfry, near the boys [the boys again], so that they thought the steeple and church were falling, which put them all into so confused a haste to get away that the noise of their feet in the galleries sounded like the falling of stones. The people crowded out of the doors, the women left some of them a scarf, and some a shoe behind them, and some in the galleries cast themselves down on those below because they could not get down the stairs. I sat down in the pulpit, seeing and pitying their own distemper, and as soon as I could be heard I entreated their silence and went on. The people were no sooner quieted and got in again, and the audience composed, but some who stood upon a waistcoat bench near the communion-table brake the bench with their weight, so that the noise renewed the fear again, and they were more disordered than before. One old woman was heard at the church door asking forgiveness of God for not taking the first warning, and promising if God would deliver her this once she would take heed of coming hither again. When they were again quieted I went on. Dr. Bates, who was there, says: 'Mr. Baxter,

without visible disturbance, sat down in the pulpit, and after the hurry was over he resumed his discourse, and said, to compose their minds: We are in the service of God, to prepare ourselves that we may be fearless at the great noise of the dissolving world, when the heavens shall pass away and the elements melt with fervent heat."

The War. By W. H. RUSSELL, the Times Correspondent. From the death of Lord Raglan to the Evacuation of the Crimea. London: G. Routledge and Co.

This volume completes the collected series of letters reprinted by Messrs. Routledge under the sanction of the managers of the *Times*. We believe that it has been issued under the superintendence of Mr. Sterling Coyne, who also edited the former volume. It contains not only the letters of Mr. Russell, but also the supplementary papers, supplied by two other correspondents during the absence of that gentleman from the Crimea and his visit to the Camp on the Tchernaya.

Critical Essays contributed to the Eclectic Review. By JOHN FOSTER. Edited by J. E. RYLAND, M.A. Vol. I. London: Bohn.

FOSTER'S "Essays on Decision of Character" have won a lasting fame; for, although sometimes his teachings are impracticable, they are, upon the whole, remarkable for good sense. They have too much of the Puritan spirit for all tastes and temperaments to read and profit by them; but, adopting the essayist's point of view, argument could not be put more forcibly. The *Critical Essays* contributed to the *Eclectic Review* do not sustain the reputation of the

writer. They read as if they were written as a matter of business, and not from the fullness of his mind. His criticism wants geniality; it is too dogmatical. The subjects are very various, embracing such themes as Travels, Writing, Lord Kames, Blair's Sermons, Hindoo Idolatry, Charles James Fox, Southey's Chronicle of the Cid, Sydney Smith's Sermons, Theatres, the Morality of Fiction, Sanscrit Literature, and Cruelty to Animals. We doubt whether these papers were worth exhuming from the pages to which they were contributed. We are sure that, but for the name attached to them, they would not have been selected for the honour of a separate publication; and Mr. Foster's fame will not be advanced by this new monument to his memory.

On the Composition of Food, and how it is Adulterated; with Practical Directions for its Analysis. By W. MARCET, M.D. London: Churchill.

DR. MARCET attacks nobody; he charges no person and no trade with adulterations; he merely tells his readers how divers articles of food may be, and doubtless are, often adulterated, and then describes the methods by which such adulterations may be detected, the principal of them being the microscope; and to aid inspection he has given engravings of the forms of the dust of the various objects as they appear when seen by aid of the instrument. We cannot say that the volume is likely to be of much use to the unscientific; but to medical men, chemists, and even to tradesmen who have to make large purchases, it must be very acceptable; for it details no difficult or costly processes, but for the most part such as may be understood by any man of education, and may be tried anywhere.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

PAUL HEYSE is one of those men of letters whose labours are confined often to literary truffle-hunting. He is fond of routing in libraries, poking among old manuscripts, and rejoices exceedingly when he lights upon an incited poem or legend. He has recently issued a volume of prose romances—*Romanische Inedita auf italienischen Bibliotheken* ("Inedited Romances from Italian Libraries"). The collection has little literary value, but still is not without interest. Most of the pieces are of a religious character, as the "Gospel of Nicodemus," the "Life of St. Honorat," the "Vision of Paul," "St. Patrick's Purgatory," &c. We present an extract from the *Evangelie de l'enfance de Jésus*, which may be new to some readers.

Listen to me, and I shall tell you what the child Jesus once did. Behold, one fine morning he arose and went out of the town, and walked by the bank of the river; and there he found a pottery, where a great many workmen were employed, who were making tiles and pots. The child stopped at this place and looked on at what they were doing, and offered to assist them. But the master potter stopped him, and said to him: "Tell me, child, who thou art—thou so fair and gracious? Thou art not of those who make tiles and pots. I believe thee to be a noble child; thy countenance tells as much. Thou seemest to me to be of high birth and noble parentage. I pray thee, my friend, leave us." The child replied, "I shall not do so." The child remained there with the workmen, and aided them until nightfall. It seemed good to the potter that the child Jesus worked with his men; but they did not invite him to eat with them. The evening came, they were departing, as it was time to go home; they regarded their work, and marvelled greatly that they had done so much and so well. They had done more this day than all the five days preceding. Then the sage potter said to his workmen: "I am astonished what has become of the child who helped us all day. We have committed a great fault and a great ingratitude, inasmuch as we have given him nothing, nor even invited him to eat." And all replied: "If we could only find him we should willingly pay him." They then went towards their tavern, where they passed the evening in mirth and joy, having done so much work. The child Jesus remained hidden in the pottery, and, when the workmen had gone, he began to break all the work they had done for four or five days. Neither porringers, pots, nor tiles remained entire; the child Jesus broke the whole, and incontinently hastened home.

Now, Joseph was seeking for his child, and had great fear on his account, for the night was setting in, and he could not find him. Joseph began to weep, and cried, "Wretched man, what shall I do? Where shall I find this child?" And when he had searched for him until he was tired, he saw the child approaching the house as he could. And Joseph immediately took up the child, and carried him.

When Our Lady saw Joseph with him he carried, she had very great joy and pleasure to behold her dear child return. Then Our Lady, humbly, asked him very softly: "My child, where hast thou been so late into the night? If any one has harboured thee, I pray thee do not conceal it from me." The child replied: "This morning when I arose, I went out to walk; and, passing through the town, I went along the bank of the river, and there I saw workmen at work in a pottery making tiles and pots. Our Lady said immediately, 'My child, wouldst thou like to retire to rest?' The child replied, 'I should like to dine, for I have had nothing all day.' And Our Lady replied, 'My child, they were very churlish, those whom thou hast assisted all day, that they gave thee nothing.' Jesus replied: 'They gave me nothing; they did not even ask me to dine with them.' The child Jesus ate and drank, after which he went to bed. The master of the pottery arose the following morning, and out with him went many workmen. He thought to find his work as he had left it, and so he found nothing whole, porringer, pot, or tile. He began to cry: 'What shall I do? With whom shall I take counsel? And who has caused me such damage as to break all my work? He had better have killed me.' Thus the potter was much vexed and enraged, seeing his pottery in this sad condition; then behold what he said to his workmen: 'Know ye what I would say? Very well; I suspect that the child who aided us yesterday has done this because we gave him nothing, and certainly this is the reason why he has given us this recompense.' Then spake a wise Jew: 'Sir (said he), if ye find it good, I would advise ye to go before Joseph and tell him the loss ye have sustained through his child.' They all replied: 'Thou sayest well; master, let us go immediately.' So then they went away, and appeared before Joseph, and saluted him; and Joseph did the like to them. Joseph said to them: 'Masters, what would ye?' 'Sir, we shall tell ye all.' Joseph thought immediately that the child had done them some turn. Then the master potter commanded thus: 'Seigneur Joseph, listen to us! Thy son Jesus came to our pottery and assisted us with a good will; but then he lent his assistance dearly, for of our work nothing remains whole, neither porringers, pots, nor tiles.' Then Joseph replied to him: 'Master, I am greatly astonished if our child has spoiled thy work.' And the potter replied: 'So God be my help, know that I should say nothing false to thee for anything in the world.' Then Joseph said to the potter: 'Let us all go together to the pottery, and behold whether the child Jesus has done as ye say.' They all replied: 'Very willingly.' And they went out the first. Arrived at the pottery, they would show the mischief to Joseph, and the potter went to look on; but, thing marvellous! it ashamed him to behold, for all the work was in good state and intact. Porringers, pots and tiles, they found whole as before. Joseph said: 'Master, what wish ye, when your work is entire? Ye seem to me like railers and deceivers, who have come to mock me. Ye have done an evil thing, and I ought to complain

to the judge." The master potter replied: "Seigneur Joseph, I ask your grace; I beg thou wilt pardon me, through the goodness that is within you." Joseph replied: "God forgive you! for he can do so better than I." Thereupon the potter went away towards his house, and all the workmen did the same with pleasure and joy, for their work was finished.

Our extract has been rather long, otherwise we should have told the story of "Barlaam and Josaphat," an old Greek Romance, and another story about Julius Cæsar; but the value of all these legends is rather lexicological than literary. The Romances, as a literary language, is decidedly dead. Dr. Paul Heyse, our truffle-hunter literary, occupies himself at the same time with the *langue d'oc* and the *langue d'oïl*, and presents us with a number of curious fragments, highly interesting to the scholar, from the libraries of Italy. One of the best pieces is the *Plainte de la Vierge*, the opening verse of which we give:

Je plains et plore come femme dolente,
Car je ay perdu ce que plus m'estalente,
A grant tristour fule ma jeunesse.
Sans nul confort triste sera ma vie jusques à la (mort).

We merely refer, for the present, to a work, *Geschichte der Troubadours* ("History of the Troubadours"), containing a variety of literary details highly interesting to all who take pleasure in the subject. A young French poet, M. Albert Decroix, comes before the public with a small collection of verses, bearing the modest title *Fleurs d'un jour*. One of his best pieces is that which he writes on the death of a child and the grief of the mother, which M. Auguste Lacausade contrasts with a poem on a similar subject, written by the Polish poet Kochanowski, to the following effect:

What a void thou hast left in parting for heaven, my Ursula! my daughter beloved! We all are here, and yet so profound is the silence of my heart that it seems as if no one were by my side. Formerly, I heard thy loving voice in every corner of our poor abode, and the sound of thy joyous step reminded me of my daughter. Oh! happy father then was I! I loved even the footprints of thy little rosy feet upon our humble floor—these feet I have kissed so often whilst thou slept! Never did the voice of thy mother chide thee; never in thinking of thee did my forehead gather in frowns. Like an April ray, thou madest young again my heart, thou lightedst up my pensive soul, when thou didst run about the room at will, and when thou camest to place thy little head upon my knees!

All this is ended now! With thy little soul all my joys have fled; my hearth is sad and mute; no more thy laughter comes to cheer me up. All that I now recall of thee comes but to break my heart! Ah never more! Ah, never more shall happiness cross my threshold.

Such pieces lose much of their char

through retranslation, as matter of course. We can offer no better explanation for the bald way in which we present an extract or two from the Hungarian poet Pétöffy Chander. This young man was aide-de-camp to General Bem, and fell at the battle of Ségessvár, at the age of twenty-six. He was to Hungary what Körner was to Germany, what Béranger to France. He wrote many pieces which, we are assured, exercised a strong influence over the minds of his countrymen. We give in prose form his ode

MY WIFE AND SABRE.

The pigeon reposes on the ridge of my roof, a star is fixed in Heaven, and my young wife sleeps gently in my arms. On my arm my beloved reposes like the morning dew on the pliant twig.

If I can so, why not embrace her? My mouth is neither poor nor greedy of kisses. Willingly would we speak, but our words are half-way stopped; one half are lost whilst we caress.

Great, great is our joy, and every instant pleasure! Our happiness shines like a pure pearl; but this smoke to displease my old sabre: from the height of its wall it looks down with an air of discontent.

Ha! young man, why look upon us with this disdain? Idler, art thou jealous? Leave, O comrade, leave in peace the one that cares not to look upon you, and, if thou art a man, mingle not in the affairs of women!

Why, to what purpose this jealousy? Well dost thou know the ornament of my life, my young wife. Her soul thou knowest well also. God hath sent her to us in place of an angel.

Should my country require my arm, she herself will buckle thee round my waist, blessing us. "Go," she will say, "and be true the one to the other."

Another specimen; but we must first plead guilty to the fact that these translations are destitute of the spirit and flavour of the originals:

WHENCE COMES JOY?

I know not what has happened to-day, I feel so joyous, and why? I cannot tell why. I sing and I whistle, although I have never well known to do the one or the other.

I leap and I dance, though no music resounds; my chamber is light, though no ray falls within.

Yes, the smoke of my pipe even warbles in colours of varnish and rose; and yet it is but the smoke of an ugly pipe that rises in the dull atmosphere.

My heart beats—one would say the treasure of love lies within; but no, no! a girl has said me a friendly word.

The less do I understand this joyous mood, seeing that the dreary night of poverty reigns in my pocket, black as the throat of a dragon.

In short, I see the world gay as a bouquet of tulips! Why must all this depart with the light vapours of wine?

There has recently been a demand for cheap paper, and a prize, if we recollect rightly, was offered lately by the *Times* for the fabrication of paper for printing purposes at a lower rate than that made from cotton rags. Dear as paper may be at present, M. Ambroise-Firmin Didot, in a letter to M. Egger, of the French Institute, gives us a notion of the price of paper in the age of antiquity. He informs us that, from an inscription recently found at Athens, a single sheet of paper in the days of Pericles cost a drachm and two oboli, about 4s. 6d., exactly the price which must be paid at the present day for a skin of vellum. According to this inscription, the expenses of the erection of the Erechtheum were inscribed in duplicate, on paper and wood, and were, besides, cut in marble. The prices indicated prove that the plank or leaf of wood was worth about 9d. only, five times less than that of a sheet of paper. This high price of paper was a great obstacle to the multiplication of books. There might have been poor scholars in those days, and if they had not the luck of being acquainted with a rich man who kept a library, they must have starved—for lack of knowledge. Even the public libraries were ill-provided with books. We know that Plato bought three Pythagorean treatises of Philolaus for 360l., and that Aristotle had to give for a few volumes that belonged to Spensippus, the disciple of Plato, 640l., according to the value of our present money. M. Didot's letter on the former price of paper and books, and of copying, contains many curious particulars, drawn from ancient sources, and is well worth reading.

Foreign Books recently published.

FRENCH.

Barbasta.—De l'homicide et de l'anthropophagie. Paris. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Baudouin, L. de.—La colonisation de l'Algérie; Ses élémens. Paris. 8vo.

Champfleury.—Grandeur et décadence d'une serinette, &c. Paris. 16mo.

Doubiet, P.—Histoire de l'intelligence. Paris. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Garucci, Raphael.—Grafitti de Pompei, Inscriptions, &c. Paris. 4to. 18s.

Gentil, E.—Souvenirs d'Orient; anecdotes de voyage, mœurs, légendes, coutumes, &c., sur Malte, le Liban, la Syrie, et l'Égypte, &c. Metz. 8vo.

Huybrecht, A.—Histoire politique et militaire de la Belgique (1831—1841). Bruxelles. 8vo. 6s.

Juge, A.—Traité des maladies de l'âme, et Dictionnaire moral. Paris. 8vo.

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FRANCE.

GUIZOT ON PEEL.

Revue des deux Mondes. Paris. 1856.

M. Guizot has contributed to recent numbers of the *Revue des deux Mondes* a "political biography" of Sir Robert Peel, which has considerable interest for readers on this side the channel. There is always something attractive in a portrait of one celebrated statesman by another, especially when, as in this case, the painter is a man of literary as well as political distinction; and after M. Guizot's skilful elucidation of such difficult and distant periods of our history as those of the Great Civil War and the ensuing Protectorates of the two Cromwells, many will be curious to see what he makes of contemporary characters and events. They will not be disappointed. There is here the same singular knowledge of parties and public men in England, while its exhibition is heightened by the impartial sympathy of a foreign but deeply-engrossed observer, and is relieved by the personal reminiscences of one who was sometimes a highly-placed actor in, as well as always a studious spectator of, the political occurrences chronicled and commented on. Throughout there is the charm, rare in our own political criticism, of a cool and unbiassed yet decided interest in the personages, who have been with us so long the objects of party praise and party blame that the one has neutralised the other, and no distinct impression of them remains in the popular mind. M. Guizot's character of Sir Robert Peel, gradually brought out in incidental touches and episodic reflections, is singularly happy in itself, and in its complete escape from the fault of unqualified panegyric, into which such a critic of such a man could have so easily and almost excusably fallen. Guizot's past difficulties in dealing with French parliamentary parties sharpen his insight into those of Sir Robert Peel. But his sympathies do not warp his judgments, and he is never misled by the many triumphs of Peel's career into a forgetfulness of the fact that almost from first to last the position of the English statesman was a false one. After a sketch of the political condition of the times when Sir Robert Peel made his successful though far from brilliant debut in the House of Commons, M. Guizot remarks, with a warmth evidently the effect of personal feeling:

To choose between the principles and parties presented to him who enters public life at such an epoch is a formidable probation. For men of large intellect and noble heart, how much is there to seduce and to alarm, to mislead and to perplex, in the spectacle of so many attractive truths and repulsive errors blended in such confusion; of so many generous novelties and venerable traditions; those two great moral forces, the spirit of order, and the spirit of freedom, blindly wrestling with each other; of a legitimate sympathy for the progress of humanity and a well-founded distrust of the weakness which accompanies its pride. Inevitably they divide themselves between the two principles of movement and of resistance.

The secret of the tragical in Sir Robert Peel's career was that, while feeling always the necessity for "movement," he was bound, or fancied himself bound, to attach himself to the party of "resistance." In no sketch of Peel's career is this so clearly and almost touchingly brought out as in M. Guizot's.

M. Guizot chronicles, without any novelty of information or originality of reflection, the early incidents of Sir Robert's biography, his school and college successes, his entry into Parliament, and the rapid official promotion which rewarded his devotion to his party. Of the seventeen years which elapsed between his entry into public life and his earliest appearance (with the Premiership of Canning) in opposition, the first twelve (to the suicide of Lord Castlereagh in 1822) were marked, according to M. Guizot, "by the reign, the most perfect ever known, of the Tory party—of Tories much more vigorous than Mr. Pitt, their teacher, had ever been." On this circumstance M. Guizot's remarks are well worth quoting:—

Superficial minds have been surprised at this. Peace and pacific Governments were re-established in Europe; the external or internal dangers by which England had seen herself threatened no longer existed; the causes which induced her strenuously to tighten the reigns of authority had either disappeared or were greatly diminished. It seems as if there ought to have been a relaxation of authority; but effects long survive their causes. If the Tory system of government no longer appeared as indispensable as before, the Tories were none the less on that account the victorious and dominant party, everywhere in possession of preponderating influence, and powerfully organised to preserve it. It is the natural tendency of a government. Power goes, by a momentum of her own, into the hands of those who desire her and champion her claims with the greatest ardour. For the rest, England remained firmly allied to the absolute monarchies of the Continent; her statesmen had, in the harsh experiences of the European coalition, contracted with the statesmen of the latter those ties of opinion, interest, and habit which are created by a community of struggle and of triumph. The foreign policy of England powerfully influenced her domestic policy; and Lord Castlereagh was more inclined to present a similarity than a contrast to Prince Metternich. During those twelve years of peace England beheld at home her Government more distrustful, more immovable, more inaccessible to every liberal reform and innovation, than it had been at the very crisis of the war, during her greatest efforts and her greatest dangers.

It was under this rigid system that Sir Robert Peel, as Irish Secretary, "struggled," says Guizot, "to mitigate the severe régime of which he defended the continuance," already manifesting liberal notions on the Education Question. Then came his acceptance, and with it the triumph, of Mr. Horner's currency views; and, when appointed Home Secretary in 1822, he took the reform of the penal code out of the hands of the Mackintoshes and Romillys. "A little jealousy," says M. Guizot on this occasion, in words very applicable to most of Sir Robert's triumphs, "a little jealousy was mingled with the praises of the Whigs, his old enemies, who saw him gathering the fruit of their long exertions. But the approval of the public stifled these ebullitions of wounded self-love; and, when a Whig Reformer spoke of Mr. Peel, it was often to murmur the apostrophe: *Quoniam talis es, utinam noster esses!*"

In 1823, the year after Peel's accession to the Home Secretaryship, George Canning attained one of the objects of his ambition, and was admitted into the Cabinet as Secretary of Foreign Affairs. M. Guizot takes a more favourable view than most political critics of Sir Robert Peel's sentiments and conduct towards Canning. After an animated description of the vivid qualities of the latter, and of the obstacles thrown in his way by the jealousy and distrust of his associates, the biographer proceeds to say:

To have Canning for a neighbour cost Mr. Peel dear. Enjoying much more credit with his own party, and greater consideration with the public, than fell to the lot of Mr. Canning, he had neither, as orator, the brilliancy and power of rapid persuasion, nor, as man, the charm of manners and fascination of character, which secured to his rival the admiration of the public and of passionate friends. Justice was done to Mr. Peel, to his zealous and laborious intelligence, to his solid knowledge of questions and details, to his sound and practical judgment; but he was no longer spoken of as a coming and indispensable chief of the Government. He did not "go down," but Mr. Canning rose rapidly over his head. Some went the length of believing that Mr. Peel himself accepted the fact, and resigned himself to a position in the second rank. Other people might say this, for certainly

neither his own demeanour nor his speeches betrayed any trace of jealousy and pique. He supported with dignity and modesty what there was of disagreeable in his position by the side of Mr. Canning—sometimes hurt and saddened in the depths of his mind, but always self-controlled, patient, and persevering, as, under a free system of government, befits an honourable and rational ambition.

The story of Catholic Emancipation and of the Reform Bill, as told by M. Guizot, contains little or nothing that is absolutely new to English readers. Nor is there much to arrest the attention in the clear and temperate narrative of the decline of the Whigs after the Reform Bill, and of the discreet perseverance with which Sir Robert Peel reorganised "the Great Conservative party," and prepared it for a five years' retention of power, from 1841 onwards. It was in the interval between Peel's failure (arising out of the Bed-chamber business), in 1839, to form a ministry, and the advent to power, in 1841, of his second administration, that M. Guizot first came into frequent contact with him; and the following passage of reminiscence of that period belongs to the most interesting in the sketch:

I found him in this situation [of opposition leader waiting to become Prime Minister] in 1840, when King Louis-Philippe did me the honour of sending me to London as his ambassador. I saw him pretty often during my mission, and we talked together freely about everything—about France, England, Europe—the mutual relations of states, as well as the internal condition of communities. In matters of foreign polity, and especially on the Turco-Egyptian question, which we had then upon our hands, he seemed to me to have more curiosity than conviction—to be inspired by a great love of justice and peace, but to entertain only the vague and indefinite notions of a man who had not made questions of the kind the habitual objects of his reflections and decisions. I remarked more than once the sway—an amalgam of sympathy and apprehension—which was exercised over him by our great revolution of 1789, and the ideas and social forces which it set in motion. On this subject he shared neither the maxims nor the passions of the old Tories, and at bottom, despite all his moral, political, and national reservations, this great English Conservative was himself much more a child than an enemy of that new social order which remains powerful and fruitful in spite of its faults, its reverses, its miscalculations, and its obscurations. But what, above all, struck me in the conversation of Sir Robert Peel, was the persistent and passionate interest which he took in the condition of the working classes of England—an interest which was quite as much moral as political—and in which, beneath the disguise of a frigid and rather guarded phraseology, there was apparent the emotion of the man as well as the foresight of the statesman. "There is yonder," he said constantly, "too much suffering, too much perplexity. It is disgraceful, as well as dangerous to our civilisation. It is absolutely necessary that we should render the condition of this population which is dependent upon manual labour less severe and less precarious. We cannot, indeed, make it a perfect condition; but we can do something to ameliorate it, and whatever can be done ought to be done." In the full activity of his intellect and the leisure of his existence, this was evidently the supreme idea of his future.

If the reporter has been but tolerably faithful, this is a very valuable revelation of Peel's inmost sentiments on the eve of forming the ministry which repealed the Corn Laws.

The rise and progress of the Anti-Corn-Law League, the repeal agitation of O'Connell, and the foreign policy of Peel's second ministry, are naturally the chief topics of M. Guizot from this point onward. No, there is another and a most important one, which the French statesman keeps in view throughout—the discontent evoked in the Tory camp itself by every liberal or liberal-like speech and act of the new Premier's. "Never, perhaps, had Prime Minister combined on his accession so many elements and pledges of a secure and strong government. But"—that fatal "but!"—

But he was summoned to the most difficult of operations—an operation essentially incoherent and self-contradictory. He was forced to be at one and the same time Conservative and Reformer, and to carry along with him, in this twofold career, a majority itself without cohesion, and swayed by class-interests and prejudices, by passions immovable and intractable. His policy wanted unity; his army, union. His position and his mission were alike complicated and confused. He was a man of the middle class, called upon to subject to stringent reforms a powerful and proud aristocracy; he was a Liberal, rational and moderate, but still a genuine Liberal, dragging the old Tories and the ultra-Protestants in his wake. And this man of the middle class, who had risen so high, was a man reserved and unsympathetic by nature, skilled in directing and governing an assembly,

but little qualified to act upon men by the charm exercised in private commune, in conversation, in the free and expansive expression of thought and feeling—Sir Robert Peel was more of a tactician than a missionary—more powerful by the arguments which he addressed to the head than by any appeal which he made to the heart—more feared by his adversaries than loved by his friends.

This reproach is one more than once addressed by the French statesman to his English cotemporary. M. Guizot complains of the silence with which Sir Robert Peel met the earlier invectives of Mr. Disraeli. This silence, which some considered dignified, M. Guizot regards as injudicious and detrimental to the allegiance of Peel's followers. "It was one of his faults," says Guizot; *à propos* of this very matter, "to be too solitary, and in the midst of his followers to consider himself, and himself only. Public life, under a free political system, requires more sympathy and self-devotion than were manifested on this occasion by Sir Robert Peel. The duty of the leader of a party is not only towards his principles and his cause, but towards his political friends; and he can only preserve their zeal and fidelity by showing himself jealous of their honour, and ready to do battle for their sake as for his own." It is to this want of active and personal sympathy with his party that Guizot mainly attributes Peel's downfall. Had Sir Robert taken his party into his confidence, all might have gone otherwise:

This judicious politician, this able tactician, this consummate financier, this reasoner marvellously acquainted with details, this orator often so eloquent and always so powerful, could never bring himself to live in intimacy with his party, to interpenetrate it in advance with his ideas, to make it the associate of his plans as of his successes, of the labour of his intellect as of the chances of his fortunes. He was cold, taciturn, solitary in the midst of his army, almost in the midst of his staff itself. It was his maxim that it was better to make concessions to one's adversaries than to one's friends. The day arrived when he had to ask his friends to make concessions, not for himself, for he sought none, but for the public interest which he had deeply at heart. He found them cold in their turn, unprepared, strangers to the metaphors which he had undergone. He had never taught himself how to bring them round, and he could not now induce them to consent to a necessary compromise. He had fought for ten years as leader of opposition, and five as chief of the ministry at the head of the Conservative party. Of 360 members who ranged themselves under his banner in 1841, at the opening of the new parliament, scarcely 112 could bring themselves to vote with him in 1846, on the question to which he had united his destiny.

The agitation for the repeal of the Union is now a subject as obsolete as the right of search or the *affaire Pritchard*, to both of which M. Guizot devotes a good deal of space. But here are a few sentences on Mr. Cobden, and on the personal motives which dictated the removal of the head-quarters of the League from Manchester to London—sentences giving a lively idea of the sharp penetration which this distant and foreign observer has brought to bear upon our affairs. After sketching the origin of the Anti-Corn Law League, "the regulated organisation of the passions of the public, in the service of an interest and an idea," M. Guizot proceeds thus:

An idea is nothing without a man. At once the nascent institution found one. Richard Cobden, a calico-printer, not many years established in Manchester, had quickly distinguished himself in that town by the penetration, rectitude, and felicity of his intellect, by his lively, clear, natural, and fearless eloquence, as well as by his integrity, and industrial successes. He was wealthy and popular, and, although local jealousies had prevented him from being sent to the House of Commons by Manchester itself, he sat in it as member for Stockport, a neighbouring town. Cobden had scarcely become a member of the Anti-Corn-Law Association when he saw that, if Manchester was to remain the chief theatre of the agitation, and the Manchester manufacturers the chief actors in it, it would produce a slender effect. That mixture of instinct and of quick reflection which characterises powerful minds or those inspired by the idea of a true mission, taught him that, to succeed, the league must become general instead of private, national instead of provincial, and have for its centre of publicity and action the great centre of the country and of government—London. It was, besides, for himself the surest means of playing the first part in the performance. At Manchester he had rivals richer and more influential than himself; but in London, and as a member of Parliament, he became naturally the organ and the head of the association. He therefore employed himself actively in transferring the seat of the League to London, &c., &c.

We close with the reflections of M. Guizot on

the "last scene of all, which ends the strange eventful history" of Sir Robert Peel's second premiership. It is the 26th of June 1846, the day on which the Lords passed the Corn Importation Bill, a day of triumph for Sir Robert Peel. Mr. Cobden has pronounced a panegyric on the minister; but he is a falling minister: there is a division at hand on the Irish Coercion Bill. "The vote was taken," says Guizot, "and the combination of three classes of opponents, the Whigs, the Radicals, and the exasperated Conservatives, placed Sir Robert Peel in a minority of seventy-three. The result of the division was received with profound silence; those most delighted by their success did not dare to show their elation. Sir Robert, on leaving the house, was greeted with acclamations. An illustrious Mahometan traveller, Ibrahim Pacha, the eldest son of Mehemet Ali, who was present at the sitting of the House of Commons, observed, in the space of a single hour, the spectacle of the triumph and of the defeat of the Prime Minister of England—a strange contrast, of which he probably requested, and did not very well perhaps understand, the explanation."

What was passing (asks the ex-Minister of Louis-Philippe) at that moment in the breast of Sir Robert Peel? Was he satisfied or sad, elated or downcast? Did he feel more strongly his triumph or his defeat? I am disposed to believe that in the depths of his heart his satisfaction was great; for two sentiments, very powerful in Sir Robert Peel, had been satisfied—pride, and the desire for repose after victory. This athlete, with all his vigour, and in spite of his long battling, had, if I am not mistaken, little natural inclination for the strife; it painfully discomposed his sensitive and rather too solemn dignity. From his childhood upwards an actor on the political stage, he scarcely knew the pleasures of intimacy so far as public life was concerned, and he fell willingly back upon the affections and joys of domestic life, which Heaven had granted him in full and delightful measure. For some time moreover, a slight lassitude, physical and moral, had been gnawing on him: although he had never put forth more energy of mind and will, yet it was observed that his glance was less animated, his step less firm, and a certain melancholy was detected in the tones of his voice. What circumstances could have been more favourable for his withdrawal? It was at once compulsory and glorious. It was as a conqueror that he quitted the authority which he could not have retained without submitting to perpetual embarrassments and obstructions, or without risking, by dissolving Parliament, the terrible accidents of the democratic whirlwind which he himself had only known as an auspicious breeze. That nothing might be wanting to do honour to his expiring administration, he received at that very moment the news of the adjustment of the dispute between England and the United States respecting the possession of the Oregon territory, and that the American Senate, as well as the President, had accepted the draught treaty transmitted six weeks before to Washington. At home, the greatest battle ever fought by Sir Robert Peel was won; abroad all the questions which he had found in suspense were settled. In retiring from power, he bequeathed victory to his cause and peace to his country.

How different the circumstances under which M. Guizot took his last leave of power!

Paris, Oct. 28.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

THE late affair of Lord Ernest Vane, and his ignominious dismissal from the British service, have been very much canvassed in military circles here, who pay much more attention than is generally imagined to military proceedings in England. It is remarked, that when his Lordship was turned out—obtained permission to exchange, is the official phrase—of his former regiment, he was sent to the Crimea, a field where any young fellow of spirit, a real soldier, would have found means to get rid of any temporary stigma a boyish frolic might have attached to his name. But his presence at the seat of war, they remark, was wholly undistinguished by any act of duty or gallantry calculated to redeem his disgrace, though, from his large stature, this young lord ought to be conspicuously useful in a hostile *mêlée*. The Ernest Vanes are a class who prefer exhibiting their prowess in a *fracas* behind the scenes, or *safe* experiments upon the temper and patience of too quiet companions, than in the dangers and fatigues of the trenches. Understand, I am here merely repeating in substance what the noble Lord might have heard with his own ears in any of the military *cafés*, if he had run over to Paris, instead of displaying his silly disregard of public opinion by ostentatiously driving his four-in-hand about Brighton, or figuring (according to one of the papers) at a military inspection. The question generally put here is, "Is the man mad?" And this leads me to mention a circumstance connected with this subject which took place in the *salons* of one of the Ambassadors at a reception last week, where some of the interlocutors at

least were intimately acquainted with the personages in question. The subject of the dismissal being under discussion, the usual query, "Is the man mad?" was put, when a German of distinction gravely replied, "Oui, Monsieur, il est fou! Son père était fou, et sa grand-mère fut enfermée comme aliénée nombre d'années avant sa mort." This affirmation, so positively made, naturally created a very considerable sensation, and led to a very prolonged conversation on the subject of the family. The German supported his opinion as to the father of Lord E. Vane by detailing several incidents which took place at Vienna, where he declared that every fact he stated was perfectly known to hundreds, Lord Stewart having been ambassador there for many years—a post which the Austrian Government would not have allowed him to retain for six months, had it not been for the deep and universal respect with which his brother, Lord Castlereagh—or, more correctly, his half-brother—was regarded by Prince Metternich and every member of the Imperial family. If the circumstances described really occurred—some of them took place in the public streets, and this gentleman gave ample means of verifying most of the extraordinary anecdotes he related—the noble Lord would certainly have been more in his place in an insane asylum at Vienna than representing England as ambassador at Vienna.

Both our opera houses have been busy this month, not exactly in their legitimate province; the *Italiens* being occupied in law proceedings, and the Grand Opera in endeavouring to get rid of an *artiste* of Italian celebrity, whom the directors had engaged with that nonchalante carelessness, which people often exhibit when the money they have to spend is not their own. This lady, Mme. Medori, possesses a voice peculiarly suited to the Grand Opera—that is to say, it is strong enough to be heard even amid the infernal din of the orchestra and choruses of this theatre; but the style of her singing and her language being pure Italian, the first was out of place, and the second scarcely intelligible from her foreign pronunciation. In fine, Mme. Medori was a comparative failure, for, with all her talent, which, without being quite first-rate, is considerable, it was discovered before the close of the opera—*Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, one of Verdi's heaviest—that she was entirely unsuited to the French Opera. How she is to be disposed of remains a puzzle, for her remaining is impossible. If the lady have influence in certain ministerial quarters, she is safe for a liberal compromise. If not, the law will probably be called on to decide.

The *tracasserie* at the *Italiens* arose from some absurd pretensions of Verdi respecting the arrangement of his operas, by which he modestly proposed, in substance, to constitute himself the director of the Italian Theatre, if his works were to be performed there; i. e., he quietly claimed the right of engaging whatever *artistes* he pleased to sing in them. This privilege is sometimes granted on the first production of an opera; but Verdi desired to render this agreeable piece of patronage perpetual. In addition to which he demanded the sum of 20,000 francs for permission to perform his works; and, in fine, carried his exigencies so far that M. Calzado, the Italian director, after a civil but fruitless attempt at accommodation, burst forth into a fury truly Catalanian (Mr. C. is a Spaniard), and declared, *par tous les diables!* that he would perform all his operas belonging to the *repertoire* without further cavil. He accordingly announced *Il Trovatore* but a few hours before the time of commencement. A legal prohibition obtained by Verdi was served upon him, and the day following the lawyers were at work, hammer and tongs. After a full hearing of the pleadings, the Court decided that Verdi had no ground whatever for the claims he had advanced, and ordered him to pay 1000 francs damages to Calzado for having illegally stopped the performance of his opera. This was rather a staggerer for Verdi, who, notwithstanding his having made over the right of singing this work *Il Trovatore* to the *Italiens* two or three years ago, had actually, within the last few weeks, made over the same right to the French Opera. Thus discordantly run on our musical affairs in Paris.

An English vocalist, Signora Hayes, who has returned from the Indies and Australia with an ample fortune and a wonderfully-improved voice, has been heard in some of our *salons*, and is described as the finest singer of the day. The Grand Opera at once offered her splendid terms, which the fair songstress is said to have rejected with something of English bluntness. Mlle. Hayes was educated in Italy, where she established and still enjoys a brilliant reputation; and all Italian *artistes* look upon the French Opera as a sepulchre in which style, voice, execution, and the highest musical qualifications are smothered by the brayings of the orchestra and screaming of the singers.

ITALY.

(FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

October, 1856.

AUGUST IN ROME.

THE month of August is the most trying in Rome, and so traditionally dreaded that it is rarely a foreigner, unless among the inmates of colleges or

convents, ventures to encounter these heats while Sol is in Leo. In the last instance their intensity was so unusual as to be noticed by the official paper, with comparison of the state of the thermometer during many previous years, showing that the maximum attained on the 12th of August last, and kept up some days subsequent, of about thirty Réaumur, had not been equalled in temperature here since fourteen years ago, when it was thirty-three. The hospitals are full of fever cases; but providentially (and beyond all expectation, seeing what the habits of this people are) no reappearance of cholera has been verified since last summer.

The sanitary condition of this city was described by St. Peter Damian, writing to Pope Nicholas II. (eleventh century), in the following grim verses, whose appropriateness is especially apparent at the present season:

Roma, vorax hominum, domat ardua colla virorum;
Roma, ferax februm, necis est uberrima frugum;
Romana febres stabili sunt jure fideles.

And verily, a thing that strikes with pity and terror is this Roman fever, which, once rooted in the constitution, shatters and withers it to the foundations, leaving the perpetual liability to relapse, and, though seldom fatal as a first attack, almost incurable in old age, or frames already enfeebled. Sometimes, at this period, one may see a poor labourer, whose staggering gait and jaundiced complexion, as he slowly advances in these streets (probably hoping to reach the hospital on foot), too clearly mark him out among the victims; and often we see others, evidently in the same condition, stretched at full-length in sleep on the pavement, or steps of churches, exposed to the glare of the sun, and consequently to aggravation of their disease. Yet, spite of these dangers, popular parlance designates August as a festal season here—the glorious beauty and luxuriant fruitfulness of Nature, no doubt, having originated such grateful feeling; and *Fieraugusto* (the August fair-time), is a common expression made the prelude to one of the many annual claims on the liberality of the purse, by postmen, waiters, and others of similar class. Though it is scarcely possible to stir during the great part of the day, the early hours are delicious; the exhilarating breezes and balmy atmosphere favour any degree of pedestrian exertion till about 8 a.m. Then, between 5 and 6 p.m., comes a moment of freshening enjoyment, when windows can be thrown open, and the declining sun irradiates without scorching, and the loveliest tints clothe the mountains. And such glorious nights! such a suffusing splendour of golden, rather than silvery, moonlight! A walk along the Forum to the Colosseum is then a rare pleasure. With its yawning arcades in portentous darkness, its less fallen masses standing out in solemn ghostly distinctness, the vast amphitheatre seems magnified even beyond its reality, and idealised into visionary awfulness. Strange is the neglect, not of authorities but of the people of Rome, for this, their greatest monument, which they rarely visit. In winter and spring parties of tourists may be constantly met here; and the English especially, "Murray" in hand, fail not to perform, at least once in a way, the obligatory sight-seeing of the Colosseum by moonlight. But at present, even on a holiday evening when all the city is abroad, one may find oneself almost alone in those gigantic ruins; and the last time I visited them, on one of those splendid nights, except the sentinel on duty and a few of the poorer class crossing the arena as a short cut to their homes, all was solitary as silent. The polite admonition in French that, being nine o'clock, there was no further admission into the Colosseum, jarringly disturbed my meditations—such the consequences of a foreign military occupation! The crimes of which these ruins were once the theatre long since induced the Government to place a guard here at night, and since the French conquest to them has been assigned that duty; but I have heard of things evil perpetrated within these gloomy vaults even in recent years. Now is to be observed, over the principal entrance from the Forum, a large tablet recording restorations effected under Pius IX., in addition to the many similar memorials of his predecessors.

In other directions are moonlight walks, enjoyable at this season, and sometimes with occasions for observing popular life in very picturesque aspects. On the steps of the Capitol, or the loftier flight before the old Franciscan church that crowns its eastern summit, or the broad extent of those before S. Maria Maggiore, one may see groups of labourers reposing after their toil in the fields—many perhaps to spend the night thus *al fresco*—in their unchanging costume, that consists of small-clothes, a loose jacket hanging over one shoulder, a broad-brimmed black hat, a woollen cap appending, and the suspicious shape of that called after "liberty;" and in the earlier hours, while some are stretched full-length asleep, some securing coolness by an unceremonious change of toilette—that is, stripped naked to the waist—may be occasionally heard from these groups the tinkling sound of the mandolin, a clear ringing music that joyously breaks on the stillness, vindicating the claims to skill on this instrument by the *popolani*, particularly the Trasteverini in Rome. It is satisfactory to find that the police, otherwise troublesome and suspicious here, never disturb the

repose and hard-won innocent pleasures of these poor sons of toil. Passing the other evening by the Theatre of Marcellus—the enormous segment of which, alone preserved from decay, has been dove-tailed into the buildings of the Orsini Palace, its arcades on the ground-floor appropriated as workshops or paltry stores—I observed a scene that would have enraptured any artist: a blacksmith was beating out iron at a furnace in a brazier, whose light was augmented by that of a torch held by a boy, and the strong red glare flashed across the dusky pile above, bringing into relief its details of decayed architecture, arches, pilasters, and cornices, with effect the most striking conceivable.

Above all is this the season in Rome for popular devotions—not the customary routine of pumps at St. Peter's or the Sistine (where the department of crowds generally interferes in every possible way with solemnity of impressions), but for that which is most characteristic and gracefully beautiful in Italian Catholicism. The 15th of August (festival of the Assumption) is the only occasion when the Papal benediction is given at S. Maria Maggiore; and, notwithstanding the overwhelming heat of the hour it occurs (nearly noon), the attendance is great, both within and without the church. The poorer, however, prevailed over the rich and well-dressed in that crowd, and I observed several of the former in their fustians and jackets reclining on the steps of lateral chapels, some even sleeping, and quite undisturbed by the usually rigorous Swiss Guards, even during the superb ceremonial at the high altar of this majestic Basilica. The architecture of this interior, fortunately preserved in all the magnificent simplicity of the early type through the several restorations effected, was singularly favourable to the effect of the vast procession, when the Pope is carried on his throne under the canopy after the long-drawn grouping of cardinals, canons, and prelates, between files of motley-vested troops. And when the Benediction was given from the loggia, the mitred company round the Pontiff, the tiara and *Abella* showed finely against the warm grey of architecture under the shadow thrown by a spacious awning, contrasting with the dazzling glare on every object below. Wherever a projection or angle afforded shelter were crowds of spectators, mostly of the humbler order, who respectfully knelt to receive the blessing; and the phalanxes of troops in the centre added to the unwonted brilliancy on a spot generally left to quiet and far from the fashionable regions of Rome, as is the irregular piazza before S. Maria Maggiore. On the evenings both of the vigil and festival of the 15th are illuminations, not remarkable for splendour, but for generality and the participation of the humblest citizens, whose paltry dwellings I observed in some places lit up with more taste and profuseness, proportionately, than the palaces of princes. Another festival this month at S. Maria Maggiore commemorates the poetic legend of that Basilica's origin, according to which, in the year 352 a certain patrician and the Pope Liberius had on the same night a vision, in which the Virgin commanded both alike to found a temple dedicated to herself on the Esquiline Hill, and precisely on the spot where a shower of snow should fall the next day. To the astonishment of the citizens (for it was the 5th of August) that morning it was announced that snow had fallen, and was resting over a wide space on the Esquiline. The patrician having communicated his dream to the Pope, it was determined immediately to raise the new temple, and its foundations were traced on the miraculous snow by Liberius himself, the expense being provided entirely by Johannes (the patrician), who had already determined on dedicating his wealth to some pious establishment. How early the belief obtained in this story is still attested by the valuable mosaics of the fifth century (therefore among the most ancient in Rome) on the upper part of the facade of this church, now, unfortunately, partly concealed by the arches of a tasteless and heavy loggia added by Benedict XIV. Here, round a central and impressive figure of the Saviour, is represented in a series the entire story of the origin of the building, from the twofold vision to the tracing of its plan on the snow. Ascending to this loggia the other day, I observed how astonishing is the freshness of tints preserved in this interesting work. The festival of the *Madonna della Nereis* still manifests the acceptance of this story as fact, and is distinguished by superb ceremonies, by an unusual concourse throughout the day, and, especially at the early masses in that Borghese Chapel dedicated to the Virgin, which is almost built of precious stones—all covered with costly marbles, gilt bronzes, and paintings. When the Cardinal Vicar begins the great celebration at the high altar, is heard a flourish of trumpets from without; assistants with holy water proceed solemnly to the great portals, which, being thrown open to their full extent, in marches, preceded by servants in a quaint red and yellow livery, the Municipality, proudly styled the Senate of Rome, who proceed, in their state robes of black velvet, to hear Mass at a lateral altar, and make offering (as they are *ex-officio* required to do at several churches every year) of a silver-gilt chalice and patena, with a certain number of wax torches. During the High Mass is introduced a singular and graceful allusion to the miraculous snow-storm—showers of white rose-leaves rain down from two

apertures in the elaborate carving of the flat ceiling, so as to strew the pavement at each side of the altar; and this continuing nearly the whole time, the splendid group of clergy beyond, the tapers, incense, and sacred symbols, are seen through a species of leafy mist, with effect quite unique among the various combinations of devotional pomp in Rome. But most characteristic and popular of all is the festival of the *Madonna del Carmine*, in Trastevere, when an immense procession passes, late in the evening, through the principal streets of that quarter, almost exclusively possessing what remains of the mediæval in Rome, and retaining to this day its peculiarities of dress, manners, dialect, and, it is believed, of race also, distinct from all other regions this city is divided into. This procession is about a mile long, and there seems no end of torches, painted banners (so long, that in the narrow streets their bearers carry them sideways), huge crosses, resembling the gnarled trunks of secular forest-trees, and Confraternities in long white or coloured habits. Some pious Trasteverines vie with each other in producing the largest obtainable torches—pillars of wax they might be called—to carry in this procession; and often is the bearer, in his fraternity-costume, seen tottering under the weight of wax supplied, in every instance, not by the clergy, but these lay-assistants. Lastly, amidst a group of priests and friars, appears what one may well regret to see as central object to such celebrations—a gaily-dressed image of the Madonna on a kind of over-canopied stage of gilt woodwork, lit by some 100 tapers, the figure itself in the costume of perhaps forty years ago, and all blazing with jewels. Along the line many houses are decorated with scarlet hangings, curiously contrasting against their irregular architecture and dingy walls, and sometimes in still stranger relief against displays below of such articles on sale as large cheeses and hams. The wooded slopes of the Janiculum, here and there seen in glimpses, forming a vista at the end of tortuous irregular streets, contribute to that character one observes in the general aspects of Trastevere, of a large straggling village or remote market-town, such as seen in the least-frequented highways of Italy. The hushed interest and subdued enthusiasm of the dense crowds that lined the streets where this procession passed was impressive, and every place of refreshment was thronged during the night-hours following; yet no quarreling, no intoxication did I observe—the Trasteverines, in spite of a certain independent swagger and often picturesque ferocity of aspect, being, on the whole, good sort of people, open-hearted, plain-spoken, and sincere—at least, till they forget themselves in excitement. No authority can eradicate from among them the practice of carrying the clasp-knife; and tragic are the results when it is drawn, as not seldom in the heat of wine or passion, for other purposes than cutting bread and meat.

There is a little church near the Vatican appropriated to the grooms of the Papal Court, and containing an image of St. Anna seated whilst giving instructions to the infant Mary. As to this prevails the popular belief that the wood of which it is fashioned never can decay, though that of the chair, whereon the figure sits, has often to be renewed. On the vigil of St. Anna's festival in August, certain members of a female association attached to this church repair thither, and with closed doors perform the office of undressing and redressing the figure, changing every article from the chemise to the ornaments, of course to invest it with proper splendour for the pageant, in which St. Anna appears processionally, attended by all the Vatican grooms and livery servants of cardinals in the habit of a pious confraternity. This is the great ovation of the season in the Borgo, as the *Madonna del Carmine* in the Trastevere region. Such extravagant use of symbolism, such tenacious adherence to the externals of mediæval devoteism, suits the popular feeling in Rome; but instruction from the pulpit and in the schools refers all to a principle, in itself rational and reconcilable with Christianity as viewed by almost all parties. The practice, however, lamentably exceeds, I may say caricatures, the authorised precept.

To turn from the sacred to the profane, a favourite amusement of this people is one spectacle peculiar to the month of August, which is prepared twice a week in the Piazza Navona—the "Circus Agonalis," as it is more pedantically styled, because occupying in part the site of an antique circus formed by Alexander Severus. That spacious parallelogram (the largest piazza in Rome), surrounded by old houses of almost every height and shape, that look tumbled together by accident, with the dome-capped church of St. Agnes and two handsome palace-fronts of modern Italian style (the Braschi and Pamfili), can be forgotten by none who have ever visited this city. Here is, every Wednesday, a market of all imaginable miscellanies, from old books to old iron; and every morning, the great fruit and vegetable market for supplying the whole population—a display that fills with a sense of the bounties of Providence towards this favoured land, and at this season particularly beautiful to behold; for, besides the customary piles of luscious plums, melons, peaches, apricots, has just appeared in profusion the fig of the second harvest annually yielded by that tree, and (still more welcome) the grape in abundance, that seems to promise a return of joyous vintages and overflowing measures of wine for

rich and poor, after long years of desolating blight. Every Saturday and Sunday in August is the spectacle I allude to on this piazza, consisting of neither more nor less than an inundation, produced by stopping the conduits of two large fountains in its centre, adorned with fantastic sculptures by Bernini, and directing their waters over the surface of the parallelogram, whose old pavement, evidently unrepaired for centuries, sinks towards the middle, thus forming a convenient receptacle for the lagoon, as the Romans call it. Nothing more displays the childlike vivacity of this people (Carnival proceedings perhaps excepted) than the gathering on the Piazza Navona, in the freshness of evening after a sultry day, for the sake of enjoying a spectacle so insignificant in itself, but rendered highly picturesque by the surrounding accessories of quaint buildings and the heterogeneous crowds surrounding the waters on the space of dry ground left before the houses, and reflected on their surface, though this is far from the purity of crystal, stained to a dusky yellow by the accumulations of the incumbered pavement. At one limit, on the side of the piazza where the inundation reaches not, is a mounted guard, and a military band is stationed on a raised orchestra before the church, occasionally enlivening the public by a burst of music; the balconies, projecting from almost every window, some at stupendous height, are occupied by groups, among whom may be noticed many a fair face under a veil, or with head only covered by the braided hair; and in the sheet of water in the midst all attention is fixed upon the feats of coachmen and horses, as open vehicles of every description are driven about at all the speed possible, dashing and plashing along, at evidently exhausting labour to the poor animals, who, in the deeper parts, are almost breast-high under the tawny waters. Whence could have originated, and with what idea, it may be asked, this whimsical entertainment, performed annually at cost of the municipality, and dignified by the presence of the Pope's standing army. One may imagine it a faint reminiscence of the Naumachia, no doubt often displayed on this very spot in the Alexandrine Circus; or perhaps a sanitary expedient for cooling the atmosphere at the period of most fever-striking sultriness. Whatever the motive, it was in 1651, and in the month of June, not August, that this aquatic show first delighted Rome's citizens, under Innocent X.—a pontificate peculiarly associated with the Piazza Navona, where, a few years previously, had been raised the Pamphili Palace for the family of Pope Innocent, and immediately for the use of the famous Donna Olimpia, his sister-in-law; a lady who, for a time, was *de facto* head of government here (as was, during the absence of Alexander VI., his perhaps calumniated daughter, Lucretia), though not with equal scandal to that of the Borgia annals, no other blame attaching to the memory of Innocent X. than that of having boundlessly confided, with the weakness of old age, in a clever, brilliant, and unscrupulously ambitious woman. His successors continued to sanction the entertainment on this piazza till, twenty-four years afterwards, it was suspended by Innocent XI., under the apprehension of prejudicial effects to the atmosphere; but, early in the eighteenth century, a work appeared by the physician of Clement XI. on the climate of Rome, proving, among other theories, that this inundation could not be noxious, and consequently was permitted its renewal by that excellent Pontiff (Albani), whose reign of twenty years was one of the happiest for this country. Fear of pestilence led to another temporary suspension of the spectacle in that century, and once in the present (the year '37) the visitation of cholera induced Gregory XVI. to prohibit it. Since another interruption on account of the "Anno Santo," 1750, it is said that this entertainment has continually been declining, as to the concourse and character of spectators at least; and it is the general wail, at this day, that the last revolution has spoilt all amusements, deadened all the periodical vicinities, of the Roman populace. Formerly, I am assured, cardinals, prelates, nobles, and often royalty itself, when among guests here, used to honour the Piazza Navona by their presence on these occasions; and certain Roman princes used obligingly to make themselves and their guests a part of the show by eating and drinking at abundantly-spread tables, in open chariots, or platforms raised amidst the waters. More rigorous etiquette among the higher clergy, and perhaps the importation of more foreign conventionalities among the aristocracy, have resulted in the withdrawal of all this *haut ton* from the august entertainments in the old piazza; and the naiads are now left to their watery domain here intruded on only—as regards at least a majority of the assemblage—by the *bas peuple*, who nevertheless enjoy themselves quite as much in the absence of their superiors. This same piazza was, in the Middle Ages, chief centre to the spectacles of Carnival; but these, since the latter years of the fifteenth century, have been entirely diverted into another stream, the all-absorbing Corso, rendezvous of wealth, gaiety, and folly in Rome.

Lately has been effected a desired restoration of the only specimens of early glass-painting existing here—the windows of the choir of S. Maria del Popolo, the fine old Augustinian church originally built over the sepulchre of Nero, to purify the region (according to legends) from evil spirits visibly hunting it—but

actually an edifice of the fifteenth century. These windows were painted in a series, representing the life of the Virgin, by Guglielmo di Marcilla and one Claudio, under Julius II., and had, of late years, been lamentably left to decay—worse, indeed; for the portions wanting were filled up with glass untinted, producing an unintelligible patchwork. An encaustic glass-painter, Moroni, was commissioned, by order of the Pope, for their restoration, which he has accomplished skilfully.

Visiting, the other day, the library (as regards some of its contents a collection unique in Italy) of the Propaganda College, I looked over a magnificent work, no other copy of which exists, I believe, on this side of the Alps—Lord Kingsborough's "Mexican Antiquities," in seven volumes folio, illustrated with superb coloured plates, many of which being copied from the celebrated Mexican parchment preserved in the Borgia Museum, also in this college, a copy was very properly presented by the noble author. Of this, I was told, a new edition is now being prepared, to appear at Madrid, by the former Mexican representative at Rome, who, though no longer in diplomatic capacity, is still resident there. Canina's work, expected to be a great and valuable one, on the antiquities of the Roman environs, is, I understand, progressing while the author himself is absent, and likely to be so long, in England. The illumination by gas has hitherto been very partial in this city, but is, I am told, to be presently extended throughout. The Frascati railway has become wonderfully attractive since the temporary suspension of its activity, ordered after various accidents, though none fatal, had discredited the first epoch of its history.

DEATH OF THE CHEVALIER CANINA.

Rome, Oct. 20.

SINCE the death of the esteemed Dr. Braun, Rome, I may say Italy, has been called to mourn the loss of another, illustrious in the same walk of archæologic science, the Commendator Canina, who died at Florence, at the age of about seventy, on the 17th. He was on his way hither, returning from England, charged with many commissions from that and other countries. Feeling indisposed, he stopped at Florence, and wrote to friends here, confessing presentiments of the fatal result. One of those friends hastened to join him and receive his last injunctions. The great work on the Antiquities of the Environs of Rome—the last undertaken by him—was, I believe, left not far from completion; it was to have extended over seven or eight volumes, illustrated, and the contract with the binder alone was to the amount of 1000 scudi. The event is here generally lamented, for many artists, draughtsmen, and engravers principally depended on Canina for employment. The deceased was unmarried; had for some time been director of the Capitoline Museum; and the numerous and splendid works he was constantly engaged on well entitled him to the rank generally allowed him, as first among Italian archæologists of his day.

ALUMINIUM.—An announcement has been made to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, that aluminium can be manufactured for some 4l. the kilogramme (rather more than 2lb. English), and can consequently be brought into ordinary use.

LONGEVITY OF ZOOPHYTES.—There is now in the possession of Professor Fleming, of Edinburgh, an *Actinia mesembryanthemum*, taken at North Berwick in 1828 (and at that time supposed to be seven years old) by the late Sir John Graham Dalryell, who kept it in confinement till his decease, and in whose work, "Rare and Remarkable Animals of Scotland," published in 1848, there is a figure of it. This animal must, therefore, be about thirty-five years old, twenty-eight years of which it has sustained life in confinement.—*Tugwell's Manual of Sea-Anemones.*

THE LAW OF THE LOAF.—The incoherent mixture of things old and new which distinguishes affairs and manners in France, was illustrated the other day in the South, by a trial. There seems an ancient un-repealed statute in France, according to which a baker, once having begun to bake bread, cannot relinquish his trade without giving a twelvemonth's warning to the authorities. On this plea a baker at Bayonne was brought into court the other day for having ceased to distribute loaves without giving due notice. He was found guilty and fined.

RUSSIAN PASSPORTS.—The *Nord* of Brussels contains the following from its Moscow correspondent:—"The labour of leaving Russia is one worthy of Hercules; in order to obtain a passport at St. Petersburg, I have been compelled to undergo the following torture:—1, to be announced three times in the public journals; 2, to obtain a certificate of the execution of this formality; 3, to carry this certificate to the police magistrate of the quarter, who furnished me with a second certificate; 4, to betake myself to the bureau of Prince Dolgorouki, where this certificate was exchanged for a countermark; 5, to go to the *bureau d'adresses*, where another certificate was given me; 6, to run to the governor-general, who furnished me with a passport; 7, to exhibit this passport at the steam-packet office before obtaining a passage. I was particularly fortunate, for the accomplishment of the above formalities took up only three days many others have been detained three weeks."

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

THE FORTNIGHT.

Is a former number of the CRITIC (June 16), the substance of a paper on the Canal Junction of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, by Mr. Killey, an American engineer, was given—that gentleman advocating the Atrato line, and throwing objections on all other routes. The question is now assuming very great importance, especially to this country; it ought not, therefore, to be viewed from the statements of interested parties for one route or another, but should be entered into upon the broad basis of the immense results that must follow this new opening to the distant lands of Australia and the far, far East. A pamphlet just published, entitled, "Over Darien by a Ship-canal," by Dr. E. Cullen, who was the original explorer of the Darien route, exposes fully the whole subject—one interesting both in a political and scientific point of view. Three expeditions were organised at the same time by the Governments of England, France, and the United States. These started with the object of meeting together near the proposed route, and mutually co-operating, each country sending for the purpose a vessel of war, with engineers and their staff. The reports of the Darien route published showed that there were no difficulties in the present state of engineering science which could not be overcome. The proposed canal—now known as the Savana route, from its commencing at Port Escoscees, a short distance from the mouth of river Savana, on the Atlantic side—was to be cut straight across, an extreme distance of thirty-nine miles, to the port of San Miguel, on the Pacific side. The whole work to be done, as reported by Dr. Cullen, in order to make a ship-canal communication by this route, would be to cut a distance of from twenty-two to twenty-five miles, of which there would be but three or four miles of deep cutting. The principal object to be discovered was the existence of a valley which transversely divides the Cordilleras at this point—a fact asserted by Baron Humboldt, and subsequently by Dr. Cullen, and upon the existence of which the whole question of the practicability of a canal rested. The three expeditions, instead of acting in concert, each pursued its own course, and hence an utter failure was the consequence. The American party, headed by Lieut. Strain, thinking to get the start and gain all the honour, arrived first, and at once proceeded to explore the route for themselves. The result may be found in these few words:—"He and his party (which consisted of twenty-seven men) wandered out of the way, and, after undergoing great trials, never got into it, but were after many days discovered thirty miles to the east of the canal route;" and yet Lieut. Strain, who "admits he never had any idea of his whereabouts, has published a map of the route, with a section of the isthmus." The French commander acted, according to his orders, with the English, and the expedition started, under the head of Mr. Gisborne, the chief engineer, for the proposed route. This party started from Caledonia Bay, and proceeded at once upon their object. Mr. Gisborne, however, instead of relying upon himself, placed himself under the direction of Colonel Codazzi, a New-Granadian officer, who was known to have pledged himself to the Atrato route. This party had actually crossed the culminating point of the Cordilleras, and from this point, in the face of the glaring fact that the watershed between the two oceans had been passed, were deliberately led back to the Atlantic side by Colonel Codazzi, to the very place of departure. This expedition was thus nullified. Mr. Gisborne, however, subsequently crossed the isthmus in three days, but only at the highest point over the mountains, never even having looked for the valley. An independent expedition, however, from the Pacific side, under Captain Prevost, of H.M.S. Virago, returned with the intelligence "of having seen the sea—the Atlantic—from the top of a tree on a high hill, about five miles distant, the view being in a north-east direction, and carried through a gorge." The whole question thus remains in abeyance, and in the mean time great public interests have been ruthlessly sacrificed. With regard to the Darien route itself, the survey made reports very favourably of it. There is deep water close in shore on either side, that is, in Caledonia Bay on the Atlantic side, and in the Gulf of San Miguel on the Pacific side, thus affording good and commodious harbours. The highest elevation to be cut through is only 120 feet high, a matter of no moment in an engineering point of view. The climate is not unfavourable; and a distance of about five miles only remains to be explored, being the only part of the isthmus yet unknown. With so little to be done, the question ought to be settled at once.

It is now more than three centuries ago since the first attempt was made to discover a North-west Passage to the far East—the Eldorado of the Western world. Amid perils and dangers, partial successes and entire failures, the brave adventurers followed each other, grasping at this prize of honour and renown

with unshaken confidence that the discovery would at length be made, happy only if such fell to their lot. To Capt. Maclure was reserved the solution of the problem, and with him will end the long series of expeditions which have started with high hope and expectations of seizing the long-coveted prize. The narrative of his last voyage has just appeared, and gives a faithful description of the trials which have been met and the difficulties which have been overcome. As these Arctic expeditions are now at an end, it may not be uninteresting to point out in order the dates of some of those that have been undertaken from this country. The first English voyage was made in 1527, when two ships left the Thames. Another was undertaken in 1536. This reached no higher than Newfoundland. On May 20, 1553, the expedition under the command of Sir Hugh Willoughby sailed from the Thames. Sir Martin Frobisher's first attempt was made in 1576, his second and third in the two succeeding years. Captain Davis followed in 1585, making a second voyage in 1586, and a third in the following year, when he reached the latitude of 72° 12' north. Weymouth's occurred in 1602 and Hall and Knight's in 1605. Hudson made no fewer than four voyages; the first in 1607, the second in 1608; of the third little is known; the last of Hudson's was in 1610. Baffin made three voyages; the last took place in 1616, and was by far the most important, for he discovered immense openings, which were not, however, followed up until the expedition of Captain Parry. These are names which have been handed down, and are now familiar as household words in our geographical vocabulary. Coming down to a later date. Captain Middleton left England in 1741. It was supposed that at the instigation of the Hudson's Bay Company, who were jealous of any discoveries, he defeated the object of the expedition. The Government in consequence offered a reward of 20,000*l.* to the person or persons, being subjects of his Majesty, who should discover a north-west passage through Hudson's Bay to the Pacific. The expedition of Captain Phipp (the founder of the Normanby family) occurred in 1773; Captain Cook's in 1776; Mackenzie's in 1789 (a great river has been named after him); Captain Buchan, with Franklin, in 1818, the late Sir John's first Arctic voyage; Captain Ross and Lieut. Parry also went on their expedition in this year; Lieut. Parry following it up in the next year with Lieut. Liddon in the Hecla and Griper. The expedition of Captains Parry and Lyon in the Hecla and Fury took place in 1821, and his fourth expedition in the Hecla in 1824. Captains Franklin and Lyon, after having made an unsuccessful land expedition, sailed from Liverpool in February 1825. In 1827 Captain Parry again starts, but returns in six months. Captain Back, in 1836, went on his exploring voyage to the Wager River. Sir John Franklin and Captain Crozier, in the Erebus and Terror, leave England May 24th, 1845. The result of this unfortunate expedition is now too well known. Captain Maclure went in search of Sir John Franklin in 1851, and at length effected the transit from ocean to ocean, the great aim and end of all the voyages that had been thus undertaken. In 1853 Dr. Kane, the American voyager, started on his expedition in search of the unfortunate Sir John Franklin, and has opened up an entire new field for discovery. If Arctic voyages are again undertaken, it will be with other objects. Dr. Kane passed through an atmospheric temperature seventy degrees below zero, to 80° 22' north latitude, where the region of perpetual snow and ice ceased, and a warmer atmosphere here met him, and an open sea and flowing waters seemed to allure him over their placid surface. The scientific world has thus found another sphere of action to tempt the brave and adventurous, and it may be again, alas! the unfortunate.

The Great London Drainage scheme has for the last four months been undergoing the process of incubation. The Commissioners have met, had plans proposed, discussed them, and at one time had actually rejected every plan brought before them, then rescinded the negative that had been put upon one of these schemes, and after that carried the proposal by a large majority. There have been four plans brought forward by the Chief Engineer, one called A, with an outfall at Barking Creek and Woolwich Marsh, with deodorising works—the cost is estimated at 2,528,566*l.* The second plan, B, is to have an outfall at Erith Marshes—the probable expense 2,733,606*l.* Plan C has its outfall in Dartford Marshes; the expense 3,082,136*l.*—and, lastly, the Plan D, with an outfall at Sea Reach, the expense 3,844,300*l.* Of these the Plan B, with the outfall in Erith Marshes, has been adopted by the Board. Mr. Leslie has entered his protest against this scheme, first laying stress upon the technical objection that the proposed plan would be "in direct violation of the Metropolis Local Management Act, inasmuch as the sewage and filth of the Metropolis will avowedly flow back into the Metropolis, and to a far greater extent than is on the plan avowed." The other objections

are that the plan involves two monster cesspools within a mile of the metropolitan boundary; comprehends a series of double and triple lines of iron flat-bottomed sewers, above ground, upon the model of the Britannia tubular railway-bridge over the Menai Straits, liable also to expansion and contraction from varying atmospheric temperatures, and still more to the alternate effects of frost and thaw. It includes, also, no less than four pumping stations, and a fifth will be necessary if the town of Richmond is brought within the drainage scheme. It also includes the surface waters, which ought to form a part of the water supply of the river. Moreover, the whole of the filthy mass collected in the sewer will be tide-locked eight hours out of the twelve, and thus be diametrically opposed to any improvement of the sanitary condition of the population. Such are the main objections to the plan B, and the same may be extended to all the plans—the very satisfactory point arrived at after four months' deliberation! The Metropolitan Local Act has done away with the principal difficulty of any drainage scheme by treating both sides of the river as one town. This is entirely lost sight of in the plan B. Mr. Leslie has put forth an outline of his plan in opposition. According to this one main line of sewer only is proposed, and that to be on the south side of the river, extending from Putney in a direct line nearly forty miles down below Sea Reach. The sewage of the north side is to be carried across, under the bed of the river, at different points. The main sewer is to be underground, of a circular shape, ten feet in diameter, with an inclination of two feet per mile. Taking the cost at 20,000*l.* per mile, Mr. Leslie calculates that the whole would be done for 800,000*l.* Eschewing all plans for deodorising or making any arrangements for disposal of the sewage for agricultural purposes (projects that have invariably and signally failed), provision is made for a separate outfall of the storm and surface waters which at all times are to find their way into the river. If upon the question of expense alone, this plan deserves consideration, besides those other points of very material advantage in the proposal, the adoption of one main sewer and the discharge being placed so far away that the metropolis will be for ever freed from any possibility of nuisance. The plan is based upon, and the calculation made for, a probable population of 3,500,000. And in these days the word difficulty has been expunged from the dictionary of engineering science.

Coal of a superior quality to any hitherto found has been discovered in the colony of Victoria, at the Barwon River. The Earl of Caithness, among his other inventions, has constructed a machine for sawing stones; it consists of an endless saw, affixed to a metallic belt which is run over two drums, and may be driven by any power, steam, water, or hand. By Bessemer's process, sheet-iron has been prepared so thin that it might be used as paper for printing purposes; it has more the appearance of glazed paper than iron. The objection to the dark colour might be obviated by the use of coloured inks. A Frenchman, in the Russian Service, it is stated, has discovered a process for converting common peat into coal, similar in every respect to anthracite; it is available also for making gas, coal-tar, ammonia, alcohol, coke, and volatile oils. M. de Lille, of Paris, has discovered a process by which aluminium may be obtained from cryolite, at as low a price per ounce as silver. A cargo of cryolite has lately been brought from Arksuk Fiord, on the west coast of Greenland, in latitude 61° 21' N. to Copenhagen. This is the first cargo, and from the only country where this mineral has as yet been found.

GRIMWADE'S DESICCATED MILK.—A cow that should eat no food, and whose milk, nevertheless, should not cease to flow, would be invaluable to sailors, travellers, armies, and Londoners. All the advantages of such a cow are by an ingenious process now placed within the reach of the classes we have named. A bottle of dried milk is before us—milk in powder; which will keep in all climates, and for any length of time. We take a spoonful of it, mix it with a teaspoonful of warm water; and, lo! there is a cup of new milk, sweet and creamy, as if it had just come from the cow; and for every purpose quite equal to it. We see that Soyer, Miss Nightingale, and Dr. A. Smith, Director-General of the Medical Department of the Army, have testified to the value of this invention from practical experience of it during the war. A company has been formed to manufacture it on a large scale, and, having tried it, we can vouch for its excellence.

ARCHITECTURE.

REPORT ON ARCHITECTURE AS A FINE ART.

SINCE our last report, architecture, as a subject of national interest, has been claiming much attention. The prospect of the grand addition to be made to the

exhibitory features of the metropolis, by the erection of new Government-offices, in such a united form as to present one grand whole, is a matter full of the proudest hope; and we trust the advertising party will no longer restrict the genius and taste of our architects, by dictating any phase of the Gothic style, under the absurd notion of expressive nationality. Since the completion of St. George's Hall, at Liverpool, classic design has become more and more favoured by the municipal authorities of our great towns; and the public is beginning to feel that in respect to street architecture there is nothing equal to it for majesty and telling richness of effect. We challenge the Gothic world to take the same amount of surface, general outline, fenestral arrangement, and decorative adjunct, and to produce a result equal to that of Inigo Jones's elevation of the Banqueting-house, Whitehall, which we by no means refer to as a transcendent, but simply as a fair example of its character. With still more confidence do we address the *façade* of a building only just now completed at Manchester, in which the characteristics of the Roman and Venetian schools are boldly worked into impressive union with our latest Anglo-classic feeling, viz., *The Free Trade Hall*, an effective woodcut of which appears in *The Builder* of Sept. 27, 1856. We speak of no great originality, but of the fine adaptive taste and an unimpeachable judgment, exhibited by the architect, Mr. Edward Walters. The broad and solid angle masses by which he has buttressed his arcades, and the admirable proportion, individual and relative, of the components, both horizontally and vertically, demand the praise of the critical connoisseur, as well as the admiration of those who can see what is effectively right and good, without being able to assign their reasons. Even hyper-criticism is baffled in seeking "the exception that proves the rule." Perhaps the piers of the lower arcade might have been more boldly rusticated, at least at their quoins; but a sight of the building itself might correct the impression left by the woodcut, which, however, gives us quite sufficient motive to the expression of our most fervid approval, and an earnest rejoicing in this rich addition to our Anglo-classic national architecture.

The Victoria Military Hospital, near Southampton (vide *Builder*, 23rd Aug. 1856), is another important evidence to the revival of Græco-Roman architecture. The engraving on which we comment is too small to enable us to speak of the merits of the design in its details; but the component masses, in themselves distinctly, seem to be well composed; and, if we take any exception to the whole in its unity, we shall do so without intending to impugn the architect, who may probably have been compelled, by the form and limits of his ground, to adopt the disposition exhibited. We cannot, however, but regret the advance of the central block beyond the wing ranges, because the foreshortened perspective of the whole, taken from either end, can only present the centre and one of the wings, whereas the first principle of good design is the full development of the entire length of such a building. We long to give, as our word of command, "right and left wings forward, march!" till their most recessed portions are at least flush with that of the middle building, or something in advance of it. It would, indeed, have been still better if the central structure could have so receded as to have formed three sides of a square, the intermediate or fronting range being rendered the dominant feature by a portico, something exceeding (say by coupled columns at the angles) those in the centres of the wings, and with the dome rising immediately above it. As it is, the lesser of the composing masses is greatly prominent, to the deterioration of the entire frontage; and thus has been lost the opportunity of a general effect, which might have rivalled that of the famed structure at Greenwich. Are we quite opposed by insurmountable difficulty in thinking that the chapel might have formed the centre of the recess to which we have alluded? An imposing portico might have been rendered common both to the chapel and the offices forming the remainder of the three-sided square. We presume the open space round the chapel is a cemetery, and that the necessity for leaving this as spacious as possible has been the reason for the projection of the central buildings. If so, we can but regret that the space required could not have been obtained by extending two long slips for the purpose behind the two great lateral squares. Their advance would have left such slips in their rear; and ground, uselessly employed in the front, would have been occupied so as to leave ample space behind.

The Custom-house and Public Offices, Buenos Ayres (see *Builder*, July 5, 1856), form a most scenic exhibition, something reminding one of the painter's architecture, as presented by Claude, Turner, and Martin. The illustration does not enable us to speak critically of the details; but certainly the general effect is imposing.

In the *Builder* for Aug. 9 and Sept. 6, 1856, are views of the *New Throne-room of the Luxembourg*, and the *Gallerie, Hotel de Ville, Paris*, in which the more upholicteral and the severer classic styles of Georgesous architecture are exhibited in striking contrast. It is certain both styles have their especially fitting occasions, and they seem to be well applied in those now under notice. In turning from these to Mr. Owen Jones's proposed *St. James's Hall, London*, we are

positively struck melancholy. The common cellar character of the waggon-headed vault, with its smooth-surface monotony, relieved only by paint, with no efficacy in the expression of constructive forms, giving light and shadow, leaves us to wonder that the Alhambra influences should have led to so sombre a result. We are willing to believe that the *Builder's* woodcut (in the number for Oct. 4, 1856) gives a too Rembrandtial presentment; but by no effort of the imagination can we conceive that St. James's Hall will be other than a room simple, serviceable for its purpose, and curious in its novelty—unvulgar certainly, and betokening a studious regard for the minute and elaborate, but not an example calculated to advance the progress of sound architectural taste, however it may serve the purposes of *sound* apart from taste. And, by the way, may it not happen that the flood of harmony will roll about in this barrel-formed room to its own confusion? Has this matter been duly considered? We have seen a room, so far as we can judge, less liable than this to mingle sounds with their own echo, in which it has been found necessary to disfigure it by the pendant draperies required to correct the rumble of reverberation.

Our "Old English Gentlemen" continue to multiply. *Hatherop House, Gloucestershire*, is a tale in stone and mortar of the "good old times," with a kitchen emulating that of the Abbot of Glastonbury. The plan is certainly convenient and complete; and the elevations come, as they may, with honest adaptation to the rooms they inclose. Tower and turret, bay, and corbelled oriel, "jutting, frieze, and coigne of vantage," are here, for the "martlet" to make "his pendent bed and procreant cradle." A kind of sturdy squatness seems to express the oak-tree stability of the proprietor's conservative substance; and his architect, Mr. Clutton, has met his wishes with unaffected practical simplicity. But is this architecture? Is there any of the *study*, which Mr. Clutton could so well apply, to the conversion of a multiform cluster of necessary forms into a piece of art? Is not Hatherop House unsophistically obedient to Lord Bacon's text, "Houses are built to live in, not to look at." Yes, certainly; and why should it be otherwise? Why? Because the engraved view of it before us seems to indicate that it is to be "looked at," *ergo*, it is put forth as "a piece of art." This brings us to suggest a question which, so far as we have seen, has never yet been mooted.

It will be observed, that many of our old houses of the Tudor period are as symmetrical in their elevations as any of the designs of Palladio or Inigo Jones; while others are of the "higgledy-piggledy" character exhibited by the building under notice. May we not infer, that the architects of that period were precisely of our own opinion in respect to the propriety of uniformity, or a regular balance of the main component parts, and that where we see houses disordered by irregularity, they were the works of mere builders at different times?—of masons who, having worked under architects, became acquainted with the details of the moulded work, and otherwise simply obeyed the wishes of their employers, in giving the required conveniences without any regard to the *art of design*. There was, doubtless, always that same determination on the part of our less educated gentry and yeomen to have their own way, in determinate contempt for the architect, with his centre and wings and responsive formalities. But are the works of these people the fitting precedents for us in this day of improving taste? Is "motley" still to be "the only wear" in the "loved mansionry" of our modern-antique gentry? We content ourselves, at present, by simply starting this new theme for the consideration of our architectural readers, with a view to return to it when we shall have collected a few examples of our professedly architectural old houses to contrast with others in which—not *art*, but the abjuration of it, has been practically illustrated. We must, however, repeat that we consider Hatherop House a most creditable specimen of its kind; and this is perhaps all the proprietor and his architect will care to have from us.

We have now to notice with unqualified pleasure a sample of "olden time" revivalism, which forcibly struck us the other day in passing through Chester, and which is represented by a woodcut in the *Builder* for 30th Aug. 1856. Chester is so unique in the large retention of its veritable old features, that we could desire to see all its renovations and reconstructions carried out with the same regard for original form displayed by Mr. T. M. Penson in his two "*New Houses in the Rows*." The Rows (shops on elevated covered ways) are still perfect in the main cross-streets; and we can conceive nothing more pleasing to the eye, and interesting to the mind of the observer, than the perfect restoration of the architecture which originally fronted them. The examples under notice are most successful, and will no doubt have their influence on the reconstructions which may hereafter from time to time be effected; so that Chester will be ever growing older, in more than one sense. Retaining its ancient walls, with the parapet walk thereon, all round the city—a distance of two miles—with its old red sandstone cathedral, looking like a temple cut out of the natural rock, and a general picturesqueness not elsewhere to be found, the

old English antiquarian may here ride his hobby with especial authority. Mr. Penson's new fronts are not merely curious, but extremely elegant, with a feeling of Saracenic delicacy charmingly informing the gabled shapes of our more decorated Gothic period.

The front of the *New Congregational Church at Dorchester* is among the most elegant and refined pieces of modern Gothic we have lately seen; and if the details are equal in merit to the general disposition and forms of the spired tower and its annexed composition, it will prove a card of advantage to its architects, Messrs. Poulton and Woodman. We have several times before noticed the rising ambition of our Dissenters in respect to architectural display; and we must look to them in a very great measure for maturing a model for the Protestant Church, inasmuch as the churches of the Establishment will long continue to emulate the general disposition and features of the Roman Catholic forms. See *Builder* for 19th July, 1856.

An amusing specimen of the attempt to torture a piece of post-and-beam barn architecture into a Gothic form is shown in the *Builder's* woodcut (10th May, 1856) of the *Market House at Castle Carey*. Upon a range of pillars lies a line of flat elliptical-arched lintels, above which are as many high pointed relieving arches, filled in with masonry, presenting the appearance of a pseudo-Gothic arcade; a sort of "much ado about nothing." How much better had it been, since the architect began with a row of Tuscan columns, to have carried out the Tuscan style entire—a simple mode, particularly well suited to a little building of such purpose and pretension. The Vitruvian Tuscan details are admirably adapted to market-house design. The order admits of large spaces between the pillars, and of a simple entablature, deriving much effective character from its projecting cantilever cornice or eaves. Our readers need scarcely be reminded that the portico of Inigo Jones's church in Covent-garden-market is the finest extant example of the order to which we refer.

QUERIES AND NOTES.

THE STAFFORDSHIRE KNOT.—Observing that a new department is opened in the CRITIC, I am tempted to inquire whether you can oblige me by any information on the origin of the "Staffordshire Knot," it being very often used as an insignia in this county by private persons, also by the North Staffordshire Railway Company; it is also seen at Stafford Castle.



MACAULAY'S YOUNG LEVITE.—For his character of the clergy in the early volumes Macaulay has been assailed possibly with greater virulence than for any other portion. The following verses of a poem, entitled *The Chaplain's Petition to the Honourable House for redress of grievances*, from the unpublished historical MS. collections of the British Museum, seems confirmatory of his views:—

I.
Since the ladies 'gainst men
Have to paper put pen,
By way of humble petition,
In hope your good pleasure
Will once be at leisure
To mend now their scurvy condition:

VI.
Next when we've said grace
Let's at table have place,
And not skulk so among the waiters,
Or come in with the fruit,
To give thanks, and sneak out
To dine upon half empty platters.

VII.
But besides store of dishes
(One part of our wishes),
To fortify man eccledastical—
Eleemosynary junk,
And beare to get drunk,
We humbly desire you to vote all.

VIII.
Item, pray make us able
To command steed in stable,
When we are dispos'd ad reddendum.
And if we want boots,
Whips, spurs, or surtouts,
Oblige surly grooms straight to lend 'em.

IX.
Nor let our great patrons,
Or their ruling matrons,
Read the butlers a juniper lecture,
If sometimes they pass
To our hands a stole glass,
Or some little orts of confecture.

X.
Where long we have scrv'd,
And preferment deserv'd,
Let's not miss of our expectations
By every Soph's letter
For a friend—that's no better,
Our patron's blockhead relations.

ANGLO-GERMANICUS.

31, Burton-street, Burton-crescent.

JEWISH SABBATH YEAR.—Can any of your correspondents inform me whether those modern Jews who own landed property in various parts of Europe, and who profess adherence to the law of Moses, carry their fidelity so far as to give their property a Sabbath year? G. W. L.

GREIFSWALD UNIVERSITY.—We have just finished the fourth secular jubilee of the foundation of this ancient University. It was founded whilst Pomerania was an independent duchy, principally by the exertions of Burgermeister D. H. Rubinow of Greifswald, who was afterwards repaid by the most shameless ingratitude. On the 17th October 1456, Duke Wratislaw IX., inaugurated this northern seat of the Muses, by the delivery of a sceptre to the rector; and four hundred years later Frederic William II., King of Prussia, and his two probable successors, the Prince of Prussia, and Prince Frederic, his son, the destined spouse of our Princess Royal, who now in the revolution of ages and conquest rule the destinies of the province, hastened to join in the celebration. A splendid memorial pillar was unveiled for the first time in memory of, and decorated with the figures of, four principal benefactors—the founder, Duke Bogislav XIV., King Frederic of Sweden, and his present Majesty; below were the features of four of the most eminent Professors, amongst whom Bugenhagen, the disciple of Luther and reformer of Pomerania, was conspicuous. The giving honorary degrees of Doctor to various literary celebrities was one portion of the programme. Most of the universities of Fatherland were represented by distinguished names as their deputies—Wächter from Leipzig; Waitz from Tübingen; Gottling from Jena; Döderlein from Erlangen; and the neighbouring Eldena afforded the finest Gothic Cistercian abbey in ruins existing in Northern Europe for an excursion. Greifswald, Oct. 20.

PRINCE LOUIS LUCIEN BONAPARTE'S VISIT TO THE BASQUE PROVINCES.—A great deal has latterly been said in English as well as Continental papers on the visit of Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte to the Basque Provinces of Spain and of France, and all motives have been assigned to it except the right one. Leaving the political sages to their profound discoveries on the reconstruction of the ancient Kingdom of Navarre and kindred subjects, I trust I may be permitted to trespass upon your valuable space for the purpose of showing that the object of the tour was specifically scientific, and that very important results, though non-political ones, are likely to ensue from it.

Scholars need not be told, but some of your readers may be interested to know, that languages boasting of no literature, and spoken by races unknown to historical fame, may still enjoy the same consideration in the eyes of the linguist as the great cultural languages which have ruled the fate of the world, and left, in their literature, imperishable monuments connecting the modern mind with that of remote antiquity in an unbroken chain. For, to borrow the words of a distinguished German scholar, "that science whose object is language, but which primarily regards it only as a means through which to enter into the very essence and life of one or several nations, we call *Philology*, and it appertains to the province of history. Its opposite is *Linguistics*; which has for its object language itself, and has no direct concern with the historical life of the nations speaking the languages—forming in fact part of the natural history of man. Philology is only where there is a literature; language to it is but a convenient tool with which to grasp the intellectual life of a certain people. The linguist, on the other hand, may be interested in the language of a nation not having even the remotest notion of the art of writing. To him literature is but a welcome means for a more close investigation of linguistic conditions. The business of philology is with history, which commences where the free will of man begins; whilst the object of linguistics is language, the essence of which is as much beyond the control of the individual as, for instance, it is impossible for the nightingale to exchange its note for that of the lark. But that which man's free will can organically change as little as his bodily constitution, belongs not to the province of the mind, but to that of nature." The bearing of these remarks upon the pursuits of the subject of this memoir will presently be seen. The illustrious Prince is a linguist in the true sense of the word; the range of his studies is enormous, extending over all the great European families of languages in all their ramifications—the isolating languages, &c.—down to the minutest varieties. But among them he has a true parental affection for the pariahs of polite European glottic society, for the rugged languages of wild mountain-passes and of isolated districts. One day we hear of him astonishing the delighted ears of a Welsh ferryman; the next he is presiding over an intellectual banquet, attended by representatives of the six Basque dialects, between whom he acts as the interpreter. Even the lowly Lowland Scotch can bear testimony to his munificence.

But to return to our more immediate object, the visit of the Prince to the Basque Provinces. It has been well said of the Basque, "that alone it remains, solitary and unknown, by the side of the three great and powerful families of languages that divide the

kingdoms of Europe among themselves. Formerly, as it is presumed, having been spoken all over the Peninsula, it is now driven back to the mountain gorges of Biscay, and there it lives, still cherished by a noble race, but unclaimed by relative or friend among all the languages of the earth—alone among the European tongues, bearing no likeness to, and showing no affinity with, those of their common fatherland."

This singular language, which has hitherto baffled all endeavours to penetrate its mysteries, has long been an object of intense interest to the noble Prince. He has studied it for many years, and is considered to have a thorough practical knowledge of it. The late visit to the Basque country was undertaken with a view of collecting fresh materials for the investigation of the language; and the manner in which the Prince has gone to work demonstrates not only that he is thoroughly in earnest, but also that he has hit upon the proper means for producing the proper results. The Basque language branches off into six dialects—the Guipuzcoan, the Biscayan, the Labourdin, the Souletin, and the high and low Navarrese. The Gospel of St. Matthew had already been translated into the Labourdin dialect. The Prince has now caused the same Gospel to be translated into the other five dialects, and is printing them with grammatical notes attached to each. Upon the completion of this extensive work the Prince intends to print the six translations in one volume, in parallel columns, to establish a uniform orthography for the six dialects, and to accompany the whole with grammatical notes. The importance of this undertaking cannot be over-estimated as comparative philology, combining the objects of philology and linguistics, had hitherto no sufficient material for comparing the Basque with other European languages, and for assigning to it its right place among the languages of mankind. The labours of the Prince assume, therefore, most extensive proportions, and may tend to throw light upon languages apparently disconnected with the Basque.

Two of the five translations are now printed, but only in twelve copies each; they are literary curiosities, and I, therefore, copy the titles, &c., for the benefit of bibliophiles.

The translation into Basque Souletin has appeared under the following title:—

Le Saint Evangile | De Jesus-Christ, | Selon Saint Mathieu, | Traduit En Basque Souletin | Par L'Abbé Inchauspe | Pour le Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, | Bayonne, Imprimerie de Veuve Lamaignère née Teulière, Rue Pont, Maison 39. 1856. pp. 179, royal octavo.

On the back of the title:

"Cette traduction de l'Evangile de Saint Mathieu en Dialecte Basque Souletin a été imprimée aux frais du Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte."

"Je certifie que cet ouvrage a été tiré au nombre de douze exemplaires, dont 10 numérotés portent le nom imprimé du Destinataire, et deux autres non numérotés, dont l'un ayant les titres et les initiales imprimés à l'encre rouge, appartiennent à Son Altesse.—Sig. Veuve A. Lamaignère née Teulière."

(46 pages of grammatical notes are appended to this translation.)

The title of the translation into Low Navarrese reads as follows:—

Saint Mathieu | Sur La Version de M. Maître De Sacy | En Langue Basque, | Dialecte Bas-Navarrais, | Par M. Salaberry d'Ibarrolle | Pour Le Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte.

The note on the back of the title is exactly the same, except that there is a unique copy "Sur papier grand resin velin" instead of one with red ink title. Same printing office.

To complete this notice the following publications, similarly subsidised by his Highness, ought to be mentioned:—

Noticia de las obras vascogadas que han salido á luz despues de las que cuenta El P. Larramendi. Pp. 10. 8vo. San Sebastian: Imprenta de Ignacio Ramon Baroja. 1856.

Note on the back of the title:

"Esta noticia bibliográfica se ha impreso á espensas de S. A. el Principe Luis Luciano Bonaparte, á cuyas manos vino el manuscrito original que se supone ser obra del P. Zabala."

"Certifico que se han impreso 200 ejemplares y uno solo en papel de marquilla para el Principe.—Sig. Ignacio Ramon Baroja."

Also:—

Vocabulaire de Mots Basques Bas-Navarrais. Traduits en langue Française. Par M. Salaberry d'Ibarrolle de St. Jean Pied de Port, notaire premier suppléant de Mons. le Juge de Paix, Membre du Conseil d'Arrondissement. Dedication, Preface, Notes, et Dictionnaire des Determinatifs Basques.

A volume, 300 pages 8vo., printed likewise at Bayonne by Madame Lamaignère. Tr.

Answers.

GEORGE RIDLER'S OVEN.—In reply to the inquiry of J. L., contained in the last number of the CRITIC,

I have the pleasure to inclose an explanation of the meaning of this song, which I have cut from the "Annual Report of the Gloucestershire Society," sent to the members in the year 1855. If it is of any use to you, it can be disposed of as you think fit. The Gloucestershire Society is a charitable institution for the relief of poor lying-in women, and for apprenticing poor boys, established 1657. Its annual meeting is held in Bristol, in the month of August, where the members dine. The song is always sung on the occasion of the festival.

There appeared in *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal* an explanation of the song, as mentioned by your correspondent, above twenty years ago. The exact date I cannot find; but from certain circumstances I think it was in the autumn of the year 1832. That writer gave an explanation somewhat different from the one I inclose, attributing its meaning to be more purely ecclesiastical. I think the one inclosed is probably the more correct. H. GINGELL.

[We have extracted the following notes from the explanation inclosed by our correspondent:—]

The words of this song have a hidden meaning, which was only known to the members of the Gloucestershire Society, founded in 1657, three years before the Restoration of Charles II., and when the people were growing weary of the rule of Oliver Cromwell. The society consisted of Loyalists, whose object was the restoration of the ancient constitution of the kingdom. The Cavalier party was supported by the Roman Catholics of the old families of the kingdom; and some of the Dissenters, who were disgusted with Cromwell, occasionally lent them a kind of passive aid. Taking these considerations as the key-note to the song, attempts have been made to discover the meaning which was originally attached to its leading words.

First verse.—By "George Ridler" was meant King Charles I. The "oven" was the Cavalier party. The "stones" which "built the oven," and which "came out of the Blakeney Quar," were the immediate followers of the Marquis of Worcester, who held out to the last steadfastly for the royal cause, at Raglan Castle, which was not surrendered till 1646, and was in fact the last stronghold retained for the King. "His head did grow above his hair" was an allusion to the crown, the head of the state, and which the King wore "above his hair."

Second verse.—This meant that the King, "before he died," boasted that, notwithstanding his present adversity, the ancient constitution of the kingdom was so good and its vitality so great that it would surpass and outlive any other form of government, whether republican, despotic, or protective.

Third verse.—"Dick the treble, Jack the mean, and George the bass," meant the three parts of the British constitution—King, Lords, and Commons. The injunction to "Let every man sing in his own place" was intended as a warning to each of the three estates of the realm to preserve its proper position, and not to attempt to encroach on each other's prerogative.

Fourth verse.—"My hostess's maid" was an allusion to the Queen, who was a Roman Catholic, and her maid, the Church. The singer, we must suppose, was one of the leaders of the party, and his "dog" a companion or a faithful official of the society, and the song was sung on occasions when the members met together socially; and thus, as the Roman Catholics were Royalists, the allusion to the mutual attachment between the "maid" and "my dog and I" is plain and consistent.

Fifth verse.—The "Dog," that is the official or devoted member of the society, had "a trick of visiting maids when they were sick." The meaning here was, that when any of the members were in distress or desponding, or likely to give up the Royal cause in despair, the officials or active members visited, consoled, and assisted them:

When they be sick and like to die,
O thither go my dog and I.

Sixth verse.—The "dog"—the official or agent of the society—"was good to catch a hen," a "duck," or a "goose," that is any who were well affected to the Royal cause, of whatever party: wherever "good company I spy, O thither go my dog and I"—to enlist members into the society.

Seventh verse.—"The good ale-tap" was an allusion, under cover of a similarity in the sounds of the words *ale* and *aisle*, to the Church, of which it was dangerous at that time to be an avowed follower; and so the members were cautioned that indiscretion would lead to their discovery and "overthrow."

Eighth verse.—The allusion here is to those unfaithful supporters of the Royal cause who "welcomed" the members of the society when it appeared to be prospering, but "parted" from them in adversity: probably referring ironically to those lukewarm and changeable Dissenters who veered about, for and against, as Cromwell favoured or contemned them. Such could always be had wherever there were "three sixpences under the thumb," but "poverty" easily "parted" such "good company."

Ninth verse.—"If I should die," &c. An expression of the singer's wish that, if he should die, he may be buried with his faithful companion, as representing the principles of the society, under the good aisles of the church: thus evincing his loyalty and

attachment to the good old Constitution, and to Church and King—even in death—

With folded arms there let me lie,
Check by jowl my dog and I.

[We are also informed that a branch meeting of the noblemen and gentlemen connected with "the Gloucestershire Society" is annually held at the Thatched House Tavern, when "George Ridler's Omen" is sung in due form. Upon these occasions the late Duke of Beaufort was wont to lead off this glee in capital style.—Ed.]

ART AND ARTISTS.

MODEL OF THE PANTHEON, ROME.

(FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

Rome, October 11.

THE model of the Pantheon, executed by the four brothers Pieroni, under the superintendence of the late Dr. Emil Braun, is now completed, and will in a few days be packed and sent off to its destination, the Crystal Palace. It has for some time past been an object of wonder and admiration to the citizens of Rome. It is executed in a beautiful white scagliola, on a twenty-fifth part of the scale of the original—the model of the Colosseum, likewise executed by the brothers Pieroni, being a 100th part of the original building. It has occupied eighteen months to complete, working at it thirteen hours a day, festas included—six workmen besides the Pieroni family having been employed upon it. The interior construction is of iron and copper. The capitals and all the finer and more delicate parts are carved with the hand, and fitted into their places. The columns of the portico are (*tornite*) turned upon the lathe. All the measurements have been taken with the utmost exactness from the original building.

The design occupying the pediment of the portico is by Professor Galli. It represents the giants subdued by the thunderbolts of Jupiter. It is a restoration of the supposed original, taken partly from medals in the Vatican, partly from the descriptions of ancient writers as quoted by Winckelmann. The artists of Rome generally and the professors of the Academy have unanimously expressed their warm approbation of the manner of execution. Tenerani particularly declares the model of the Pantheon to be *tagliato come un cameo* (wrought like a cameo). The weight of the cupola alone is 1200 Roman pounds. It will be packed in six or seven different cases strongly secured with bars of iron. The whole expense has proved considerably more than was contracted for with the Crystal Palace.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE National and Vernon Galleries have reopened. No additions have been made to the collections during the vacation.—Mr. Hogan's model for the statue of Daniel O'Connell, which is about to be erected in Dublin, has been transported to Paris, for the purpose of there being cast in bronze.—Some of the Crown jewels of the Wilton Collection are to be sent to the Manchester Art Exhibition, and the Marquis of Hertford, whose gallery in London is hardly accessible to the general visitor, has expressed his intention of contributing.

The *Droit* says: "A Dutch trader, of Amsterdam, arrived in Paris some time ago with a valuable painting on wood, by Perugino, which had long been in possession of his family, and of his own, but which was sadly in need of being cleaned and restored. A picture-cleaner, named L., having been strongly recommended to him, was employed to do what was necessary, and, after keeping the picture, on different pretexts, rather a long time, the man took it to the owner, a few days ago. The latter immediately carried it to a packing-case maker, and told him to pack it up with great care, in order that it might be sent into Holland. A picture-valuer who happened to be in the shop, hearing that the painting was a Perugino, requested to be allowed to examine it; and the moment he cast his eye on it, he said that it was not an original, but a copy. 'It has always been regarded as an original,' said the Dutch gentleman, 'by numerous artists and connoisseurs who have examined it. But it has just been restored.' 'The restorer, then,' said the other, 'has given you a copy instead of the original.' 'Not so, for I recognise the wood at the back—the effect produced by age—the knots; I know them by heart, and all are there.' The other thereupon, after examining the painting with great care, said that the part of the wood bearing the painting had been skillfully sawn off, and that the copy had been made on the wood that remained. 'The copy,' added the valuer, 'has been given to you, and the original will no doubt be transferred to canvass by the ordinary process.' The Dutch gentleman was astounded, and at once laid a complaint before the police. The picture-cleaner being sent for, could not deny the fraud, and said that he had sold the original to an Englishman. He was arrested."

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

MR. HENRY DRAYTON has completed a new entertainment for himself and Mrs. Drayton,—which has

been successful in the country, and will shortly be produced in London.—The friends of the late eminent composer, Sir H. R. Bishop, who for many years held the office of Professor of Music to the University of Oxford, have commenced a subscription, in order to raise a monument to his memory, and above all to purchase the ground that covers his remains, and thus prevent his grave from being forgotten.—The committee for conducting the next Norwich Musical Festival, proposed to be held at Norwich in the autumn of 1857, have had a meeting within the last few days, and it was unanimously resolved that Mr. Benedict should be invited to act as conductor. It was also decided that the prices of admission should return to the old standard—viz., 1s. for the patrons' gallery, and 10s. 6d. for reserved seats in other parts of the hall.—The Neapolitan journals chronicle the *début* of a young Irish artist, Ferdinand Glover, of Dublin, at the Teatro Nuovo. He is spoken of in the most eulogistic terms by the principal organs of opinion on musical subjects. The *Omnibus* states that he is engaged as principal baritone at the Teatro Nuovo until the carnival of 1857.

Madame Ristori has performed twice in Frankfurt to crowded and enthusiastic houses. She appeared first in Schiller's *Mary Stuart*, and afterwards in the *Medea*. In the latter play she was called out by the audience seven times.—Mlle. Wagner's advertised retirement from the stage is a mistake; the Prussian journals announce her re-appearance as Lucrezia Borgia, and mention that she is about to take part in a new opera, *A Night in Russia*, by Herr Dorn.—A letter from Berlin, of the 19th says: "Mlle. Taglioni, younger sister of our celebrated danseuse, made her *début* the day before yesterday as a dramatic artiste, in *Lady Tartuffe*, achieving a complete success. Made-moiselle is a very beautiful girl and a charming actress."

The operatic season in Melbourne commenced on the 11th of June, the company embracing Madame Anna Bishop, Mrs. Guerin, MM. Coulon and Laglaise, Messrs. Howson, Lyall, and Hancock, assisted by an efficient chorus. *Norma*, *Sonnambula*, *Martha*, and *Der Freischütz*, have been successively produced, with varying success; *Martha* having proved the most, and *Der Freischütz* the least popular of the four.

LITERARY NEWS.

A THREE-VOLUME WORK by the Marquis of Normandy will shortly be published, under the title of "A Year of Revolution," say the newspapers. The Marquis, it appears, while in Paris in 1848, kept a "journal," and this journal we are now to see in print.—Mr. Lewis has concluded the sale, by public auction, of the seventh portion of the literary property of the late Mr. Pickering. The copyrights of the following works were sold at the price affixed to each: Physical Theory of Another Life, the copyright 51l. 9s.; Dyce's Edition of the Dramatic Works of Green, Marlow, Peel, and Webster, 12 vols., the copyright 115l.; Herbert's Works, the copyright of notes, &c., 61l.; Holbein's Dance of Death by Douce, and Holbein's Bible Illustrations by Dibdin, the copyright and woodcuts, 68l.; Montague's edition of Lord Bacon's Works, 17 vols., the copyright and engraved copper-plates, 104l.; Mitford's edition of Milton's Works, 8 vols., one half-share of copyright in the life, &c., 24l.; Dibdin's Library Companion, the copyright 6l. 6s.

The whole literary production of Russia in 1855 consisted of 1200 works.—Auerbach, the author of German stories, has forwarded the MS. of a new village tale to Baron Cotta, the publisher. It is entitled "The Barefooted," and fully equal to any of his earlier productions.—The Swiss Universal Society for the Advancement of History has published the eleventh volume of its archives, containing a carefully-made copy of the writings of Johannes Vitodurani, the ancient chronicler.—Foreign journals, on Florentine authority, announce that some important and interesting MSS. by Guicciardini have been discovered by the historian's descendants, including "Considerations on Macchiavel's Work on Livy's Decades," "A Discourse on the Republic of Florence and on the Government of the Medici," and some unpublished correspondence. It is the intention of the present Count Guicciardini to publish these MSS.

The Earl of Burlington has resigned the Chancellorship of the University of London.—At the Lochaber Agricultural Society's dinner (says the *Edinburgh Courier*) an incident occurred which formed a very interesting finale to the day's proceedings. A gentleman, apparently a tourist, arrived at the hotel just as the party were to sit down to dinner; he asked, and was immediately granted permission to join; throughout the evening he made himself particularly agreeable, and his health was proposed as "The Stranger," and very cordially drunk. On rising to return thanks, he said: "In the course of my life I have seen some rough days and many pleasant ones. I have lived ten months in a snowhouse, without once warming myself at a fire. I have had my mocassins cut off my legs with a hatchet. I have had to kill my own food with my own gun, and I have been reduced to the necessity of living on bones; but all these things are easily forgotten when I meet such a pleasant party as is now around me. As I am an entire stranger to you all, and as I have received

so much kindness from you, it is but fair that you should know who I am; my name is Rae, and you may have heard it associated with the Franklin Expedition." At this announcement the astonished party started to their feet, and gave Dr. Rae a most enthusiastic reception. The cheering lasted several minutes, after which Dr. Rae showed some of the articles which had indicated the probable fate of Sir John Franklin and his party. They consisted of a piece of gold and two silver watches, a small anchor, several coins, a spoon, with a crest engraved on it, &c. Dr. Rae had been on a visit to Mr. Edward Ellice, M.P., at Glenquoich, and was on his way to Castle Menzies.—The trustees of the new fund of 2500l., given by Mr. John Shakspeare for the completion of the preservation and separation of the house at Stratford-upon-Avon in which Shakspeare was born, have just purchased the two properties, one on each side of the house in Henley-street, known as "Banke's property," for 1000l., and as "Warden's property," for 450l.

The philosopher, Alexander von Humboldt, has been created a knight of the Russian order of Alexander Newski, as a testimony of the respect felt by the Emperor for the important services rendered by him to universal science.—The Schiller Society, in Germany, has purchased the house in which the poet lived, in Gohlis, for a sum of 2000 dollars; the building, which is an old tumble-down tenement, has long been offered for sale.—The cabinet of Signor Barone, the well-known antiquary of Naples, has recently been plundered of a very extensive collection of gold and silver coins.

The Committee of the Association for the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge have resolved "that the time is now come for recommending active operations for obtaining the total and immediate repeal of the paper duty." Mr. Milner Gibson will be requested, at the earliest opportunity, to bring the subject again under the consideration of the House of Commons.—The new Theological College of St. Aidan, Birkenhead, will be opened on the 2nd of next month, on which occasion a public breakfast is to be given under the presidency of the Marquis of Westminster.

—The Fourth Annual Report of the Free Public Library in Liverpool states that during the past twelve months upwards of three thousand volumes have been added to the collection; and the increase during the same period in the number of volumes issued has amounted to twenty thousand. "Novels and Works of Imagination" continue to be in first request; next in popularity stands "Miscellaneous Literature;" thirdly, "History and Biography." In the above three classes, the readers are numbered by tens of thousands. The next greatest demand is for works "on Science and the Arts, Architecture, Painting, and Music." "Jurisprudence, Law, and Politics" stand the lowest but two on the list—the lowest of all being "Classical Literature."—On Thursday week a large meeting was held in Preston to promote this object. The Mayor presided; and among the speakers were the Bishop of Manchester and Sir J. P. Kaye Shuttleworth. From a report read by the Secretary, it appeared that through the united exertions of a working-man's committee, and a general committee composed of the wealthier inhabitants, about 1800l. had been raised towards the proposed library and museum; and a further sum of 1200l. was required before an appeal could be made for assistance from the town and corporation. Resolutions were then passed in favour of a house-to-house canvas in support of the project. It is now considered certain that the institution will be established.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

PRINCESS'S.—The Midsummer Night's Dream.

IT has now become a trite observation, that if Shakspeare could witness the performance of some of his own dramas it would astonish him to find how thoroughly they were adapted to take advantage of every improvement which we moderns have made in the mere mechanism of theatres. Written at a time when stage mechanics were in the rudest state, they seem especially fitted to receive every contribution of modern science as if it were nothing more than their due, and as if the mind of the mighty master were perfectly acquainted with all that could be done to illustrate and embellish his immortal works. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, as played in Shakspeare's time, must have been a very different spectacle from the magnificent revival of it now offered to the public at the Princess's theatre. When the stage used to be strewn with rushes, and the men about town occupied chairs at wings, very little could be done in the way of stage machinery to realise those beautiful conceptions of fairy-land which it was the pleasure of the bard to introduce into his work. There was no scenery by Grieve as perfect as Nature herself, glowing with richness and verdure and life; there could be no floating clouds upon which fairies might ride, fanning the air around the bower of the fairy queen; there was not even gas to shed its glories of the scene—still less the electric light, in whose bright and spectral ray Titania and her attendant faies might execute an elfin dance as a fit prelude to the "roundel and a fairy song." Yet all these delightful matters, now that they lend their assistance to the charm of the

poetry, seem to come as naturally to it as if they had been united for ever—as if, indeed, Mr. William Shakespeare were a living author, writing his dramas for Mr. Charles Kean, of the Princess's Theatre. The exquisite music of Mendelssohn too: it is scarcely possible to realise the fact that *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was ever played without that charming accompaniment. But thus it is with works that are "for all time," and the considerations to which we have referred supply new proof of the eternal supremacy of Shakespeare's genius.

To dwell upon all the beauties of this charming revival would be tedious as well as useless; all our readers who can possibly do so will doubtless go and judge for themselves. For the present we can but touch upon a few of the more prominent features. In the preface to his handbill, with which Mr. Kean now invariably heralds a revival, it is stated that anachronisms have been wilfully committed in order to introduce the beautiful decorations of Athenian art, when that art was at its climax. The Athens of Mr. Grieve is the Athens of Pericles, and not of Theseus; it has the Acropolis, the Temple of Minerva, and the Theatre of Bacchus, instead of the rude constructions of the Cecropian architecture. This seems quite allowable. That omniscient individual "the school-boy" knows very well that Theseus flourished long before the Acropolis was built; but it may be questioned whether the spectator of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* takes the trouble to connect the Duke Theseus of the play with the hero of antiquity, the deserter of Ariadne, and the conqueror of nations of giants and of monsters. Neither does any excuse seem necessary for the bringing the tools of Hercules into the carpenter's shop of "good Peter Quince." As well object that Quince and Snug and Bottom are not Athenian names, as complain of the pardonable licence which connects a period of the later Roman civilisation with the earliest dawn of Grecian glory.

So much for the archaeology of the matter! Turning to the æsthetic point of view, nothing can be more charming than the manner in which the piece is set upon the stage. The forest scenery, the woodland glades, the "bank whereon the wild thyme grows," are exquisite. Nor should a word of praise be denied to the young ladies who enact the fairy personages of the plot. Miss Carlotta Leclercq as Titania, Miss F. Ternan as Oberon, clever little Miss Ellen Terry as that "merry wanderer of the night" Puck, Miss Marian Taylor and Miss Laura Honey as the two singing fairies, were all excellent in their kind. Nor was the cast of mortal personages less commendable. Mr. Ryder made an excellent Duke Theseus; whilst Miss Murray looked and acted Hippolyta most majestically. Lysander and Demetrius were very fitly given by Messrs. Cathcart and Brazier; Miss Heath made an excellent Helena; and Miss Bufton (a young lady of great personal attractions lately promoted from the ranks of the ballet) played Hermia more than respectably. Of Mr. Harley, in Bottom, it is the best compliment to say that he was good without imitating Mr. Phelps. As a work of art, of course his performance was not to be compared with that of the manager of Sadler's Wells; and Mr. Harley acted very judiciously in refusing to challenge the comparison. Mr. Frank Mathews, as Peter Quince, was dry and humorous as ever.

After so much praise, it is irksome to have anything to say of a contrary tendency. Let that duty, however, be discharged as briefly as may be. It is this, that all lovers of Shakespeare cannot but be pained to notice such extensive elisions from the exquisite text of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The only excuse for these mutilations is that there may be time to play *Pizarro* on the same evening; but, as the entire drama of *Pizarro*, from the beginning to the end, is utterly worthless when compared with any one line of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the plea will only find favour with those who want plenty for their money without regard to quality.

JACQUES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. ADAMS'S EXPOSITOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—In your last number I observe a notice of Adams's "Geographical Word-Expositor," which you characterise as "a very valuable school-book." A glance at the plan of the work might readily lead any one to form an opinion of this kind, as I know to my cost, having recently ordered the book with the intention of introducing it among my own pupils. I am sorry to say, however, that the merits of the execution by no means correspond with those of the design; and, indeed, I have rarely turned over the pages of a more lamentable performance, the author being evidently only a half-educated man, and his production abounding in consequence with ludicrous blunders, grammatical, geographical, and etymological. Mr. Adams is especially fond of luxuriating in exploded mythological derivations of Lomprerie type and origin; and is, moreover, entirely innocent of any acquaintance with those wider philological inductions of later times, a knowledge of which his task so preeminently required. In illustration of these remarks,

I have only to request you to refer to the following articles, selected from the first thirty pages:—

Abrasion, four errors in seven lines.
Ægeum Mare.
Agath Degenis.
Amazon.
America, "crew consisting of three vessels," its "discovery to Europeans," and two other blunders.

I quote from the first edition, and it is possible that in the second some blunders may have been eliminated; but still, the book is so obviously the production of an entirely incompetent man, I feel sure that on reconsideration you will willingly reverse your verdict, and prevent other schoolmasters being misled, as so many must have been, if the work in question has already reached its second edition.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A CAMBRIDGE WRANGLER.

"MY MSS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—We are very glad to have an opportunity of acting upon your suggestion by giving what we consider to be a very satisfactory explanation respecting the circumstance of "My MSS."

This book appears to have been especially unfortunate to the author, publisher, and your correspondent "Alias," the purchaser. We are informed that 1000 copies were printed (we presume at the author's expense), and from the following statement very few copies could have been sold at five shillings. We bought of the assignees to the estate of Messrs. Hope and Co. 500 copies, of the author himself 374 copies; no doubt at least 50 or 60 copies were sent to the press; the author had 60 copies; and thus it would appear only 6 copies were sold at five shillings. If the "one" of your correspondent's family had carefully read what was on the wrapper of the book, he would have seen the old title, "A Tale of Olden Islington," as well as "Father and Daughter." An author is of course anxious for his book to be circulated widely, and in most cases this can only be achieved by offering a book at a fair price. It is a false system to publish books at fictitious prices, and must end unsatisfactorily to all concerned. The book in question, although possessed of considerable literary merits, did not sell at five shillings; now that it is reduced to one shilling and sixpence, the stock will be quickly exhausted. So few copies having been sold, we were perfectly justified in considering the book as unpublished, and adding "Father and Daughter" to the old title.

A few days since we purchased a three-volume novel at such a price that we could afford to sell it for half a crown. Would your correspondent "Alias" have preferred to pay the original published price, one guinea and a half, for it? We think not.

We are, Sir, yours, &c.

158, Fleet-street, Oct. 16. WARD AND LOCK.

OBITUARY.

BRENZONI, the Countess Catherine Bon, an Italian poetess of some eminence.

CHASSEREAU, M. Théodore, in Paris, a pupil of M. Ingres, who had already distinguished himself by works of more than ordinary merit.

CHATELAIN, M. Nicolai, lately in Rolle, near Geneva, aged 87, an author of considerable celebrity in Belles Lettres. Within the last year he had published two works, one under the title of "Pastiches," the other of "Du Gout."

GIBSON, Mr. David, a young artist of great promise, who was a frequent exhibitor in the Royal Scottish Academy's exhibition. Mr. Gibson's first decided success was in the Royal Academy's exhibition in 1855, when he exhibited two pictures of very considerable merit, the largest of which was called "The Little Stranger."

KREUTER, Dr. Friedrich, aged 66, at Vienna. He was the private secretary and intimate friend of Goethe. Mr. Lewes, in his life of the great poet, speaks of him as "his last secretary Kriutner, who never speaks of him (Goethe) but with idolatry."

LOWELL, M., an eminent German chemist, at Munster. His last work, frequently interrupted by the sickness which caused his death, was a long and learned treatise on the "Saturation of Saline Dissolutions" for the Academy of Sciences at Paris.

MOVIERA, Dr., well known to the literary world from his labours on the history and language of the Phœnicians, in Breslau, in the university of which town he was the Professor of Catholic Theology, Sept. 29.

ROWCROFT, Mr. Charles, at sea, on his return from America to Europe. The Australian novels by Mr. Rowcroft, written when the scenery and savagery of that district were unfamiliar to European readers, will be remembered.

BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

Agrippa's (H. Cornelius) Life, by Morley, 2 vols., cr. 8vo. 18s. cl.
Almanach de Gotha, 1857, 32mo. 3s. 6d. bds.
Andrew's Eighteenth Century, post 8vo. 8s. cl.
Bate's Vernon, a Tale of the Sea, post 8vo. 6s. cl.
Beaumont's Reconciliation by Blood, 18mo. 1s. cl.
Bickensteth's Prayers for Families for Six Weeks, large type, 5s.

Bolton's Fireside Preaching, 6s. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Bosman's Castaways, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
British Eloquence of the Nineteenth Century, Political Oratory, 2nd Series, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Coleridge's Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton, 8vo. 12s. cl.
Dead Bristol, 8vo. 1s. 6d. bds.
Designs and Examples of Cottage Villages, &c. 4to. 21s. cl.
Dewar's: a Novel, 3 vols., post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.
Diller's Animal Magnetism and Somnambulism, 8vo. 5s. cl.
Dillon's High Mettled Racer, illustrated by J. B., 4to. 1s. 6d. cl.
English Harmony of the Four Gospels, 8vo. 4s. cl.
Examples for Builders, Carpenters, and Joiners, 4to. 21s. cl.
Ellis's Manual of Health, 18mo. 6d. 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Gannce's Researches in Pathological Anatomy, 8vo. 9s. cl.
Giles's Story Book of English History, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Glyde's Suffolk in the 19th Century, 8vo. 12s. cl.
Hoven's Handbook of Zoology, trans. by Clark, Vol. I, 30s. cl.
Howard's The Genes, a Poem, 8vo. 4s. cl.
Jones's Defects of Sight, their Nature, Causes, &c. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Kane's Second Grinnell Expedition in Search of Franklin, 31s. 6d. cl.
Knight's Edgar Barton, 3 vols., post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.
Lorin's French Reading and Pronunciation, 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Lowe's Fetus, British and Exotic, Vol. I, royal 8vo. 14s. cl.
Massey's Craigcrook Castle, 8vo. 8s. cl.
McClure's Discovery of North-West Passage, edited by Osborn, 15s. cl.
Meyer's Key to the Alphabet, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Myler's Ecclesiastes, 2nd Series, 18mo. 1s. cl.
Napier's Ancient Workers and Artificers in Metals, 8vo. 3s. cl.
Nelson's School Atlas, 8vo. 3s. half-bound.
Neville Howard, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Nicholson's Carpenter's New Guide, rev. by Ashpitel and Fyne, 21s. cl.
Parlor's The Months, Bust by McConnell, 4to. 1s. 6d. cl.
Parlor Library: Hugo's Hunchback of Notre Dame, 1s. 6d. cl.
Parlor Library: Dumas's Nani; or, Women's War, 1s. 6d. cl.
Pots and Statemen, their Homes and Haunts, 8vo. 15s. cl.
Post-Office Directory: Birmingham, royal 8vo. 31s. cl.
Potter's Physical Optics, 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.
Railway Library: Murray's Jacob Faithful, 8vo. 1s. 6d. bds.
Riego's Crochet Book, 15th Series, 18mo. 1s. 6d. 8vo. 15s. cl.
Scott's Lord of the Isles, illust. by Osborn, 8vo. 18s. cl.
Scott's Poetical Works, 40 Illustrations by Turner, 31s. 6d. cl. gilt.
Singer of Bremen, 1854, trans. from the French, cr. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.
Smith's Answers to Practical Arithmetic, 18mo. 6d. 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Smith's Practical Arithmetic for Junior Classes, 8vo. 6d. 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Speil's Life in Ancient India, 8vo. 15s. cl.
Statutes at Large, 19 & 20 Vict. 8vo. 1s. 2d. bds.
Stewart's Outlines of Discoveries, 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.
Stories, by an Archæologist and his Friends, 2 vols. 21s. cl.
Temple's Suggestions for Renewal of Bank Charter, 8vo. 8s. 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Testament, New, Greek, with Notes by Wordsworth, Part I, 31s. cl.
Theophrastus's Characters of Men, 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Thornicroft's (G. B.) Memoir, by Owen, cr. 8vo. 5s. cl.
Three Little Kittens, 4 to 2s. 6d. cl.
Useful Lib.: Bowman's Common Things of Every-day Life, 1s. cl.
Williams's Sermons on Characters of Old Testament, 3s. 6d. cl.

LAMPS.—Some of our most valuable inventions are of so simple a character, that the only wonder about them seems to be that they "were not found out before." Mr. Nibbs, of Bakewell, Derbyshire, has invented a lamp, destined by its simple mechanical construction to supersede not only the French Moderator, but all other lamps of a similar character, and suited, by its cleanliness and economy, to the wants of all classes. The Patent Oxidate Lamp (here alluded to) is provided with a very simple condensing apparatus, by which a large quantity of atmospheric air is collected and supplied to the flame, which draws from it that proportion of oxygen necessary to effect perfect combustion. The result is a perfectly white and steady flame, without the nuisance of smoke or smell, sufficiently powerful and steady to allow the copying of collodion photographs at night, and is very economical in its consumption of gas. This lamp will burn no less than eight kinds of lamp oil now in ordinary use, and two of its greatest merits are its extreme cheapness and durability, without getting out of order. It consumes about 5 oz. of oil in six hours while diffusing a light equal to that of six candles. The invention has been applied to lamps of all characters and designs, from the most elaborate specimens for the nobleman's mansion to the plain strong brass mechanic's lamp at 6s. 6d. Omitting the condensing apparatus, and we have the Cottage Lamp, supplying a want long been felt of a good, cheap, and easily-managed light for the cottager, and we have no hesitation in stating that it is not likely to meet a rival—a strong brass lamp to burn ten hours can be had for a shilling! The Crimean Lantern was invented by the same gentleman, and introduced to the notice of Government, who employed it extensively during the war. It recommends itself particularly for mills, warehouses, farm buildings, stables, &c., and, from its neat appearance and cleanliness, is well adapted as a safety-light for bedrooms, for when once lighted, it will burn through the longest night without attention. As the evenings are already beginning to draw in, and the demand for a really good and economical light will soon become universal, this notice of Mr. Nibbs's inventions will be quite appropriate.—*Bristol Advertiser.*

A GOOD THING WELL APPLIED.—The scientific discoverer and the scientific inventor are distinct and different characters. It is rarely that he who discovers a great principle applies it successfully and thoroughly. Sometimes, however, this is the case. Professor Holloway was among the first to branch the theory that disease was the result of the introduction of morbid matter into the circulation. Of itself this theory, however true, was useless. It could not subserve any beneficial purpose to point out the locality of the bane unless the discoverer were provided with an antidote capable of reaching it. Professor Holloway came up to the good work doubly armed. He had not only traced the symptoms of disease to their genuine cause, but had, after long research and innumerable experiments, produced two remedies which would infallibly reach it. This was nearly a quarter of a century ago. Time, which tries all things, has tested the value of those remedies. What has been the result? During the twenty years they have been before the world, thousands of medicines, hundreds of new systems of practice have been ushered into existence, enjoyed an ephemeral popularity, and passed into oblivion. Not so Holloway's Pills and Ointment. They stand first on the list of modern cures. Their reputation is founded on a rock—the rock of truth—and cannot be shaken. Scarcely a year ago their inventor came to our shores unaided. It is true that large quantities of his medicines were consumed in the United States, but that skill, his enterprise, his success, were often referred to by the American press, but personally he was unknown to us, and that great system of agencies with which he had covered nearly the whole of the habitable globe had not yet been extended to this country. He came hither for the purpose of offering us new facilities for the procurement of his preparations, and the consequence has been an increase of one hundred per cent. in the demand for them within a few months. It appears, from the statement of all who have taken the pills for indigestion, that their effect in cases of dyspepsia is almost beyond belief. As this complaint has with some truth been called the national disease of America, a specific that never fails to remove it is of course invaluable. The public, on both sides of the Atlantic, had been so often victimized by medical charlatans during the last fifty years, that it required something of distrust the first rumours of the efficacy of Holloway's remedies. But every day furnished new proofs of the fact, and at last such was the overwhelming weight of evidence in their favour, that it became more absurd to doubt than believe. They grew in celebrity, and the demand for them increased with a rapidity unexampled in the annals of medical science; nor has their fame or that of their inventor yet attained its culminating point. It never will reach that point, for elimination pre-supposes cessation of progress; and as long as humanity is subject to pain, fever, debility, injuries, and death, Holloway's Pills and Ointment must continue to maintain their proud pre-eminence.—*Penny-Farthing Enquirer.*

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